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MAXIM Features JULY 2010

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Styling, Erin Turon; makeup, CarleneK using CarleneK Cosmetics and Skincare Murad/Select Artist Management; hair, Frankie Payne using Bumble and Bumble/Opus Beauty; manicure, Beth Fricke for O.P.I. Shimmi Chloe bikini; Helmut Lang tee.

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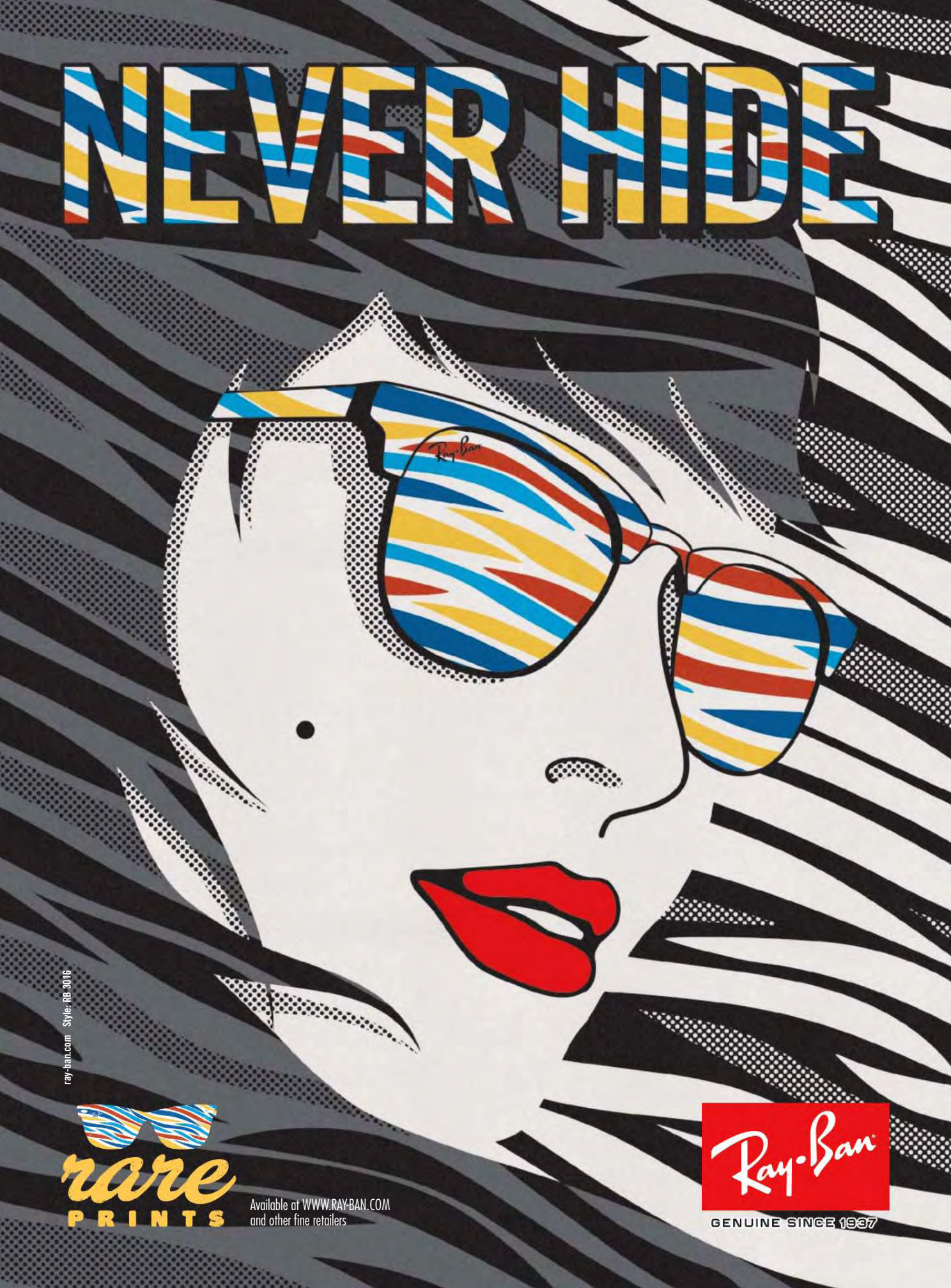
STYLING, GENA TUSO/ARTMIX; HAIR, STEVE MASON USING REDKIN/EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS; MAKEUP, HIROMI INOKO; VINTAGE CORSET, VIVIENNE WESTWOOD, AVAILABLE AT THE WAY WE WORE; PANTIES, HONEYDEW; BRACELET, KRISTEN ELSPETH

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW MCLEOD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GET YOUR CLICKS HERE

Let's Talk About Sex

Didn't get enough of this month's sexy sex column cutie ["Some Like It Hot," p.48]? Neither did we! That's why Maxim.com is featuring exclusive bonus pics from her smoking-hot shoot for your drooling pleasure. You're welcome, Internet!

App Attack!

ALLERGIC TO PAPER? NEVER MISS OUT ON MAXIM AGAIN. YOUR FAVORITE MAG APPEARS IN ALL ITS GLORY ON YOUR FAVORITE HANDHELD DEVICES.

Grab a digital version of the July issue for your iPad or iPhone, courtesy of Bite Sized Candy at Maxim.com/July2010 and Maxim.com/iPad.

Elsewhere on Maxim.com

We've got the gaming goods on the latest releases for Xbox 360, PS3, and the Wii.

Scope our *Maxim*-tested, *Maxim*-approved man-essential gizmos and gadgets.

Click over and get your yuk quota fulfilled at Maxim.com. We've got funny lists and everything!

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM CORBETT // ILLUSTRATION BY JAMESON SIMPSON

THE FIESTA GETS
40 HIGHWAY MILES PER GALLON.
THAT'S MORE THAN 21 HYBRIDS.

SERIOUSLY.

How does the Fiesta get more miles per gallon than many hybrids?* Two words: thoughtful engineering. The kind that understands that giving the Fiesta a Ti-VCT engine will allow it to squeeze every last drop. Or that a line cutting through the taillamp will make the Fiesta more aerodynamic, and therefore more fuel-efficient. But these are only a few of the many reasons the Fiesta can go farther than so many other cars. Including all those hybrids.

IT'S A PRETTY BIG DEAL.

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Ford

Drive one.

*EPA-estimated 29 city/40 hwy/33 combined mpg, automatic SFE vs. 2010/2011 hybrids. Fiesta SES shown. EPA-estimated 29 city/38 hwy/33 combined mpg, automatic.

letters

MAKE US FEEL LOVED—OR HATED!
Drop us a line at letters@maxim.com. We're waiting, jerks...

"The real reason whales and dolphins beach themselves."

Declare Independence From Your Pants!

READERS CELEBRATE ARIANNY THE BEAUTIFUL, AND U.S. MARINES SPREAD DEMOCRACY THE AMERICAN WAY.

Celestial Body

I just got the May issue of *Maxim*, and I want to give you guys a hip-hip-hooray! Arianny Celeste is not only the most beautiful-gorgeous-sexy-awesome-looking girl who has graced your cover, but she is also pretty effin' cool. A hot girl who sneaks into movies? Anyhoo, I just wanted to say good job, and I love you...yes, in that way.

Banet Tinsley via e-mail

Always good to get love from the ladies! Banet is a chick's name, right?

Size Matters

When I looked at the May 2010 issue of your magazine, I realized one of my favorite features was missing: the tiny type on the cover. Now, it's hard to complain at all about a smokin'-hot mag with Arianny Celeste on it. (The *Maxim* lying faceup on my desk gives me a reason to get up in the morning.) But when you stare at the covers as long and hard as I do, you notice when the tiny type is there and when it's not, and I missed it this time.

Sean Bay City, MI

Everyone's favorite miniature missives are back by popular demand! Flip to the cover and see if you can find this month's. (It's like a treasure hunt, but with no measurable reward! Still lots and lots of pirates, though.)

The Fanboy Menace

You should be stripped of your *Star Wars* geek card! You say in a caption in the *Empire Strikes Back* retrospective ["The Greatest Sequel of All Time," May] that Darth Vader and Luke Skywalker "battle it out on a Death Star soundstage." Any nerd worth his midichlorians knows they fight it out on Cloud City; the Death Star isn't even in the movie! You should burn your C-3PO sheets in shame.

Thomas Stephens Flint, MI

Duly burned! But God help anyone who comes for our Admiral Ackbar humidifier. Our bronchial infections can't repel dryness of that magnitude!

OPERATION HOTTIE DROP

This photo was taken on January 21, 2010. At the time we were the farthest south of any unit in Afghanistan. The calendar is at the front of the vehicle because at that moment the Hometown Hotties were the southernmost friendly force in the whole country.
—The Marines of Second Platoon

Hometown Hotties Champion Kristin responds: "I'm more than proud to have the opportunity to grace your vehicle! And I'm happy to make your lives more enjoyable any way I can." And, no, not in that way!

DATING FAME!

OUR WIN-A-DATE WITH JOANNA KRUPA CONTEST REQUIRED SHAMELESS READERS TO SUBMIT PICS OF THEIR OWN NAKED BODIES DUPLICATING THE SUPERMODEL'S PETA AD. MEET THE WINNER, STUART KNIGHT!

CUTE COUPLE

The two meet for the first time at the fabulous Ago restaurant in L.A. "I could get the hang of this!" says Stu.

STRIKE A POSE

Joanna gets close with our deliriously happy winner. "He's a sincere, good-hearted person," says Krupa. *Awww.*

COMFORT FOOD

Stewie settles down and lays down the mac. "By the second glass of wine, I was feeling pretty good," he says.

PAYS TO PETA

"I think he knows how to treat a girl like a lady," says Krupa. "I picked the right guy!" Down, boy!

JEFF OLSON (ARIANNY); JASON WILLHEIM (JOANNA KRUPA DATE)

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MAXIM

UNICORN

INTERN MIKE

THIS MONTH ENDS MICHAEL "INTERN MIKE" LOCKHART'S RESIDENCE WITH US. THE TIME HE WAS SOMEHOW ABLE TO HAND-DELIVER A PACKAGE TO A PUBLICIST 20 MINUTES AWAY IN SIX MINUTES FLAT HAD US WONDERING IF HE WAS, IN FACT, A MAGICAL UNICORN. JURY IS STILL OUT.

Grew up...
Near a castle

Making pancakes
Culinary skills limited to biting Doodleberries and dirt

Able to heal with his...
Horn

Color
White

Tamed by...
A maiden

Transcribing interviews
Cloven hooves prevent speedy typing

Eats
Clouds and rainbows

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Grew up...
In Canada

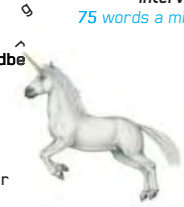
Making pancakes
200 for the staff (blueberry, chocolate chip, and buttermilk)

Able to heal with his...
Ability to quickly restock beer fridge

Color
Pink

Tamed by...
Threatening to withhold his school credit

Transcribing interviews
75 words a minute



Eats
Was fed banana by a half-naked model (p.40)

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jokes

SEE IF YOUR FUNNY BONE IS BIGGER THAN OURS...
Send your funnies to jokes@maxim.com.

One hot summer day an old lady goes to an ice cream parlor and asks the counter guy, "Do you have chocolate?" He replies, "No, ma'am." She says, "What about in the back stockroom?" "No, ma'am." She says, "Well, I want chocolate!" Pissed, he says, "You see the 'straw' in strawberry?" "Yes." "You see the 'va' in vanilla? "Yes." "You see the 'fuck' in chocolate?" **"There's no fuck in chocolate!"** He says, "That's what I keep trying to tell you!" **Leo H, Springdale, UT**

Bed Rest

A rich benefactor is being shown around a hospital. During the tour she sees a patient masturbating furiously.

"Oh, my God!" says the woman. The doctor explains, "If he doesn't do that five times a day, his testicles could rupture."

As they pass the next room, they see a patient lying in bed while a nurse performs oral sex on him.

The woman screams, "Explain that!" The doctor shrugs, "Better insurance."

Gene Drikman, Brooklyn, NY

Unleavened Bread

A bakery owner hires a young female clerk who wears short skirts.

A man enters the store and, noticing her skirt—and the bread high on the shelves—orders a raisin loaf. Standing almost directly beneath her, he is provided with an excellent view.

Atop the ladder, she looks down and sees a small crowd. An elderly man smiles at her. She yells down: "Is it raisin for you, too?"

"No," says the man, "just quivering a bit."

Brandon M., Orlando, FL

Takin' for a Ride

A cowboy gets married and heads to a nice hotel with his bride to enjoy their wedding night.

He says to the desk guy, "We're on our honeymoon, and we need a room with a strong bed."

The clerk, winking, replies, "Would you like the bridal?'"

The cowboy reflects on this for a moment and then replies, "Nah, I reckon not. I'll just hold on to her ears until she gets used to it."

Chris Duhame, Scottsdale, AZ

THE HA-HA LIST
BY MICHAEL BRUMM

Comic-Con Bathroom Wall Graffiti

For a good time, call...actually, I don't know any girls.

There once was an Orc from Middle-earth Nantucket...

We are the knights who say pee.

Lisa rolled a +7 sorcerer's slut spell.

Here I sit, brokenhearted, tried to sew a Jedi costume but only farted.

tlhIngan 'oH mI' wa' (Klingon translation: Klingons are number one).

Colyl mes shar (Elfish translation: Klingons suck balls.)

Invisible Woman gives me a visible erection.

It's plopperin' time!

Wipe before Zod!

Make Us Laugh, Funnyman

ONE KNOCKDOWN-FUNNY JOKE FROM A STAND-UP COMIC.

JOKESTER: MATT WEINHOLD

FIGHTING OUT OF: San Francisco

FAVORITE APP: *Star* magazine's Celebrity Cellulite Tracker

HIGH SCHOOL NICKNAME: Mr. Homeroom Boner

BIGGEST WASTE OF MONEY: Leasing a Christmas tree

WOULD PLAY ME IN THE MOVIE: Rachel Maddow

FIRST THING I WOULD SAVE FROM A FIRE: My collection of vintage dynamite

ANY JOKES OFF-LIMITS: I won't make any joke about the crucifixion of Jesus. It's too soon.

Matt Weinhold is a comedy writer for The Dish *on the Style Network.*

BEAT THIS CAPTION

TO ENTER

1. Enter your caption at Maxim.com/contests.*
2. Imagine yourself strapped to a Booq Taipan Lift carry-on laptop bag.
3. Check Maxim.com to see if you've won!

MAY'S WINNER

Warming up for the Olympiss.
Mikee Solis

*NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER OR WIN. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. Open only to legal U.S. residents, 18 years or older. Contest begins June 21, 2010, and ends July 10, 2010. Odds of winning depend on number of eligible entries received. For entry and official rules with complete entry, eligibility, prize, and other details, go to www.maxim.com. Sponsored by Alpha Media Group Inc.

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(SERIOUSLY, DUDE, PUT ON A FRIGGIN' SHIRT ALREADY.)

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CIRCUSM

A MAXIM VIEW OF THE WORLD

MY FIRST TIME:

MADISON RILEY

She's gone from playing a girl with really bad manners on Nickelodeon's *Zoey 101* to the sexiest reason to check out this month's comedian-loaded laughfest *Grown Ups*. Now listen up as the 20-year-old Salt Lake City cutie shares some fun firsts.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW MCLEOD

MAXIMUS

FIRST WATER BRA
I lived in Houston for the first four years of my life, and my first memories were of a friend who lived two doors down from me. We would fill up water balloons and stuff them down our bathing suits, like they were our boobs.

FIRST FACEBOOK STALKER
I got this creepy message from a guy who said, "You were so great in this movie, and we met at the wrap party." I was like, I got cut from that movie, and I didn't go to the wrap party, weirdo.

FIRST ENEMY
She was this girl who used to flip me off in junior high school! I remember she would mouth "Fuck you" to me in the hallways. I was just confused the whole time. Now I'm a lot feistier. I'd punch her in the face and knee her in the crotch.

FIRST INJURY
It was probably my broken ankle. My future brother-in-law and I were jumping on the tramp—that's what we call a trampoline—and he jumped on my ankle. The tramp was pretty sweet, though. Those were good times. I miss the tramp...

FIRST VISIT TO NIGHT COURT
It was actually just last week! If you need some amusement, go to night court. There was a woman ahead of me bargaining with the judge on jail time instead of paying her traffic ticket. She was dead serious. I have to go back in a month for my speeding ticket. I'm looking forward to it! —*Jesse Brukman*

Grown Ups opens everywhere June 25.

TO GET COMPLIMENTARY PHOTOS ON YOUR MOBILE PHONE, TEXT **MAXIM** TO **50501**. STANDARD MESSAGING AND DATA RATES APPLY.

(opposite) **Vivienne Westwood** vintage corset, **Honeydew** panties, **Kristen Elspeth** bracelet. (this page) **Dolce & Gabbana for Victoria's Secret** bra-and-panties set.

STYLING: GENA TUSO/ARTMIX+HAIR: STEVE MASON/REDKEN/EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS; MAKEUP: HROM INOKO

THE BEST DAY EVER!

WHICH IS DEFINITIVELY THE MOST FANTASTIC DAY OF THE WEEK? WE FIND OUT BY ANALYZING WHAT KICK-ASS AND HORRIBLE-ASS STUFF HAPPENED ON EACH ONE. IT'S, LIKE, SCIENCE AND STUFF!

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
THE GOOD	Contraceptive pill deemed fit for public use. Men weep for joy. **MAY 9, 1960** The microwave is patented. Stoner access to burritos increases 8,000%. **OCTOBER 8, 1945** Jesse Owens wins **first of four Olympic gold medals, right in front of Hitler. Face!** **AUGUST 3, 1936**	The TV is invented, shortly before obesity. **JANUARY 26, 1926** Prohibition ends, and thirsty Americans get to liver spanking. **DECEMBER 5, 1933** WWW as we know it unleashed: epic win for porn and nut shots. **AUGUST 6, 1991**	First human in space. Too bad it's a Commie. **APRIL 12, 1961** The Rumble in the Jungle makes Ali a punchy legend. **OCTOBER 30, 1974** *Star Wars* is released. Carrie Fisher makes our third-grade Wookiees bark. **MAY 25, 1977**	America files for divorce from King George III. **JULY 4, 1776** Football invented, later results in cheerleaders. **NOVEMBER 23, 1876** Superman first appears, changes the way we think about underwear. **JUNE 30, 1938**	Columbus goes boating, discovers America totally on purpose. **AUGUST 3, 1492** Miracle on Ice sticks it (literally) to the Ruskies. **FEBRUARY 22, 1980** Woodstock starts: The '60s are forever tied to rock'n'roll and lack of bathrooms. **AUGUST 15, 1969**	Cinema is introduced. Finally, the French contribute something. **DECEMBER 28, 1895** Babe Ruth's legendary "called shot" ensures his immortality. **OCTOBER 1, 1932** *SNL* first airs, later gives the world Bill Murray. **OCTOBER 11, 1975**	Man lands on the moon. Giant leaps follow. **JULY 20, 1969** The Super Bowl arrives, along with Sunday-night hot-wing cramps. **JANUARY 15, 1967** *Curb Your Enthusiasm* is born. Bald is beautiful. **OCTOBER 17, 1999**
THE BAD	Hiroshima almost atom-bombed out of existence. **AUGUST 6, 1945**	America and Cuba part ways. Missile crisis leads to poor quality cigars for U.S. **JANUARY 3, 1961**	The San Francisco earthquake causes total devastation. **APRIL 18, 1906**	Both Gulf wars start. **AUGUST 2, 1990; MARCH 20, 2003**	JFK is assassinated. Oliver Stone's sanity soon follows. **NOVEMBER 22, 1963**	Watergate break-in forces every following scandal to be tagged "-gate." **JUNE 17, 1972**	Pearl Harbor is attacked, eventually causing a Michael Bay movie. **DECEMBER 7, 1941**
THE UGLY	The *Titanic* loses a fight with a very big iceberg. **APRIL 15, 1912**	Arnie becomes governor of California. Politics ceases to make any sense. **OCTOBER 7, 2003**	*Twilight* is first published. Real authors everywhere sob. **OCTOBER 5, 2005**	Ashton Kutcher gets a million Twitter followers. Society abandons hope. **APRIL 16, 2009**	Mandatory drug sentencing introduced. People get 10 years for having a doobie. **NOVEMBER 2, 1951**	Mike Tyson gets a mid-match hankering for ear. **JUNE 28, 1997**	Sarah Palin first suggested as VP. Moose run for cover. **AUGUST 24, 2008**

winner

TUESDAY! That's right, that sort of pointless-seeming day after Monday actually gave you TV, free porn, and drinking. Nice try, rest of the week, but your moon landings and cultural events aren't going to get us tipsy while we watch Dutch hookers play naked table tennis, are they?

LUXURY LOCKDOWN

PRISONS WHERE YOUR DEEPEST FEAR IS BREAKING A NAIL IN THE SHOWER.

When Florida closed Eglin Federal Prison Camp, a.k.a. Club Fed, it was the end of a cushy criminal era. Or was it? Fear not, felon-to-be: There are plenty of prisons around the world where doing hard time just ain't that hard. Take a look.

LEOBEN JUSTICE CENTER
AUSTRIA

With two fitness rooms, foosball, Ping-Pong, an enormous multimedia room, and conjugal visits up the wazoo, Austria's high-end *haus* of correction offers 205 inmates amenities that make your old college dorm look like, well, a prison.

SAN PEDRO PRISON
BOLIVIA

Within the prison walls of San Pedro is a society unto itself, with elected leaders chosen among the 1,500 drug lords, killers, and thieves inside. They host soccer tournaments, run small businesses, and pursue the large-scale manufacture of cocaine. If you can manage not to get stabbed, San Pedro is the best hotel in Bolivia.

BASTØY PRISON
NORWAY

Get sent up the river to this beachfront bastille—an island oasis nestled in the Oslo fjord, where 110 offenders live in cottages and have the chance to go horseback riding, fishing, and cross-country skiing. If this is a prison, then what the hell is Norwegian summer camp like?

HALDEN PRISON
NORWAY

Bastøy isn't even Norway's nicest lockup. The new Halden Prison offers inmates high-design surroundings and high-tech amenities. Each cell has a flat-screen TV, and the prison even boasts a recording studio for Norway's next generation of gangsta rappers.

Hit up bigfireworks.com to make your Fourth of July BBQ party a literal blast. (Anyone seen a finger lying around?)

FIERY EYE
$18
It's like pinkeye gone horribly wrong: Don't touch it or you'll make it worse.

JUST TRIPPIN
$15
For added enjoyment, lure a Smurf inside before lighting.

THE BIG O
$55
Almost as explosive as the time Oprah fell into a vat of chili and ate her way out.

TEXT: NICK LEFTLEY (BEST DAY!); GUY CIMBALO (LUXURY LOCKDOWN); MICHAEL LOCKHART (BOOM! BANG!)

ILLUSTRATION BY QUICKHONEY

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WHY SUMMER SUCKS

DAILY SHOW CORRESPONDENT AND *THE LAST AIRBENDER* STAR **AASIF MANDVI** GETS BITCHY ABOUT THE STEAMY SEASON.

1. My number one summer complaint: scantily clad females! I cannot tell you the annoyance of having to be distracted by beautiful women at the beach or in the park wearing very little clothing, and knowing that no matter what you do, they will never talk to you. Even sporting a very expensive designer trench coat on the beach does not make you conversation-worthy. Whatever–fuck scantily clad ladies on the beach!

2. And what is with all the cool parties people feel they need to throw? Many of them are on rooftops or next to swimming pools. Apparently, in order to get invited to these parties, firstly, you have to know someone who is involved with the party, and, secondly, getting drunk and puking off the roof or into the pool is frowned upon even if you do it intentionally. Whatever–fuck cool parties!

3. There are a lot of free outdoor events during summer here in New York City. Free theater in Central Park, free movies at Bryant Park, free concerts at Lincoln Center. But it's confusing, because as much free stuff as there is, not everything is free just because it's summer (e.g., cabs and clothing and food in restaurants). No one explains this to you, so it's easy to make a mistake. For those of you who have not had this discussion with a member of law enforcement, I would make sure you educate yourself about this confusing New York summer tradition. As a rule of thumb, so as not to be confused, fuck free summer events…and cabbies.

4. My biggest complaint about summer in the city, however, has to be the lack of ice at the Rockefeller Center ice rink. The rest of the year, not really a problem. But in the summer it becomes very difficult to ice skate there with all the tourists sitting at tables eating lunch. Unless you are prepared to put some serious wear and tear on your ice skates and have a philosophical discussion with Rockefeller security, I would say: Fuck the ice rink at Rockefeller Center during the summertime!

A BRIEF HISTORY OF EFFED-UP FANS

WHEN BAD THINGS HAPPEN TO A-HOLE SPORTS FANS, EVERYONE WINS. PLAY BALL!

1 FRIED PHILLY (2010)
A teenage fan eluded security until the cops tased his sorry ass. The downside for him: Taser victims have a one-in-870 chance of dying. The upside: no more Sixers games.

2 PACE IN THE FACE (2004)
Usually the beatdowns in Detroit are relegated to the streets of the Motor City, but after a Pistons fan hurled a cup at the Pacers' Ron Artest, shit was on! Pacers center Jermaine O'Neal displayed the ability to cross over as a boxer when he drubbed a fan, and the arena mop boy proved adept at swiffering both sweat and blood.

3 FOUL BALL FOUL-UP (2003)
With the Cubs leading 3-0 and five outs from reaching the World Series for the first time since the Paleolithic era, über-fan Steve Bartman interfered with Cubs outfielder Moises Alou's attempt to catch a foul ball. He was escorted from Wrigley Field by security for his own safety as Cubs fans showered him with debris, obscenities, and sadness.

4 CRUISIN' FOR A BRUIN (1979)
The Bruins' Peter McNab and Mike Milbury climbed into the stands to bitch-slap an abusive Rangers fan at Madison Square Garden. Milbury proceeded to beat the guy with his own shoe. Good thing he wasn't wearing a skate.

5 PLEASE DON'T HURT US, CURTIS (1971)
During a Colts-Dolphins game, a drunken moron ran onto the field and snagged the game ball. Unamused, Colts bad-boy linebacker Mike Curtis drilled the misguided interloper so hard his glasses flew off his stupid head.

HE-MAN VEGANS!

TOUGH GUYS ARE GOING GREEN.

>A new breed of plant-powered pro athletes is proving that not all vegans look like Moby. "You can be a tough guy and a vegetarian," says Strikeforce MMA middleweight champion Jake Shields. "I've been kicking ass all my life, and I think the meat industry is gross." Shields is among several meat-eschewing badasses, including UFC fighter Mac Danzig, pro arm wrestler Rob Bigwood, and Atlanta Falcons tight end Tony Gonzalez. John Joseph, singer for punk legends the Cro-Mags and author of *Meat Is for Pussies*, credits his vegan diet for his ability to train for an Ironman triathlon at age 47. "I'm not calling you a pussy if you eat meat, but eating all those chemicals and hormones will turn you into one." The health benefits are echoed by Rip Esselstyn, former pro triathlete and author of *The Engine 2 Diet*. "Guys think they're being masculine by eating bacon and burgers, but in reality it's making them flaccid. Clogged arteries are the leading cause of erectile dysfunction." OK, from now on we're wrapping our chili dogs (and our penises) in kale.

To live ultimately, drink responsibly.

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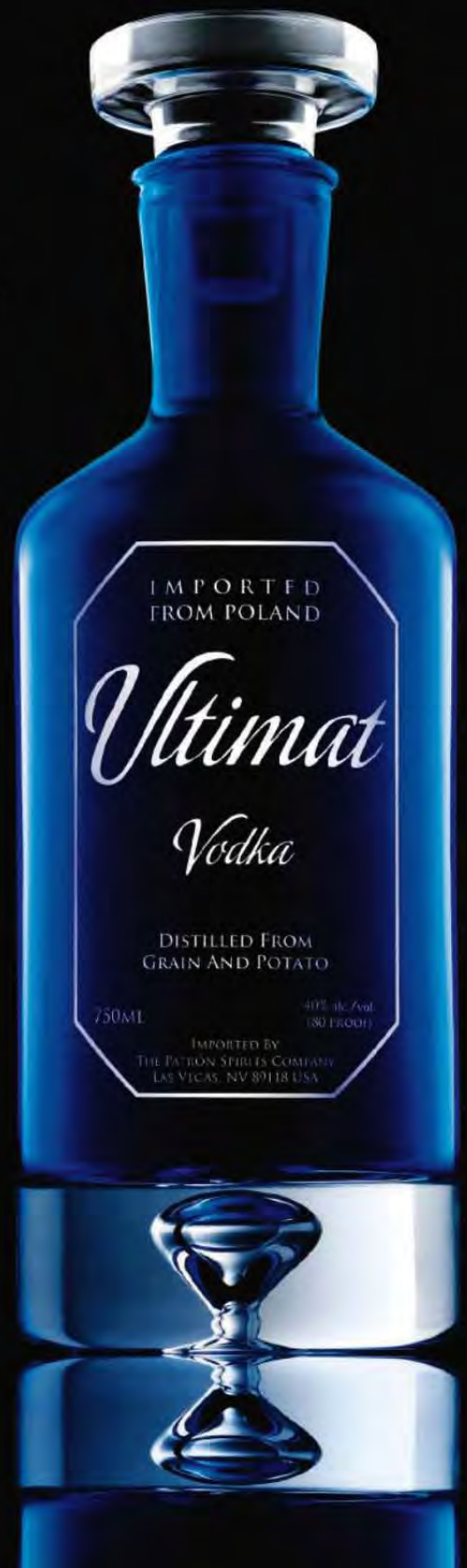

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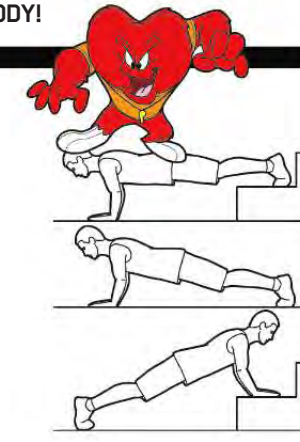
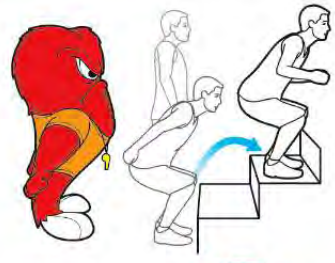


ATTACKING STAIRS TORCHES FAT, BUILDS MUSCLE, AND GETS YOU FIT FAST, SAYS DAVID JACK. TRANSLATION: SOON YOUR INNER THIGHS WILL STOP MAKING THAT VELCRO SOUND WHEN YOU WALK. PERFORM AS A CIRCUIT. REST 30 SECONDS BETWEEN EXERCISES AND TWO MINUTES AFTER EACH CYCLE. DO FIVE CIRCUITS. WELCOME TO VOMITLAND!

1 STAIR JUMPS

From an athletic stance, jump to a stair that is far enough away that it forces you to blast up and out—but not so far that you risk face-planting. Land softly in a squat position with the hips sinking down and back while maintaining a flat back. Pause and collect yourself, then repeat. **Do 10 reps.**



2 FAST-FEET STEPS (THREE MOVES)

Perform each in 10-second intervals as fast as possible. Rest for 15 seconds.

1) Facing stair, alternate feet—right up, left up; right down, left down. Stay on the balls of your feet and move as fast as you can say, "Up, up, down, down."

2) Facing stair, do scissor steps: Right foot lands up-step as left lands down-step simultaneously. Then reverse it.

3) Standing sideways to the stair, jump laterally up to the step, then jump back to start position. Do five jumps left, five jumps right.

3 PUSH-UP DROP SET (THREE MOVES)

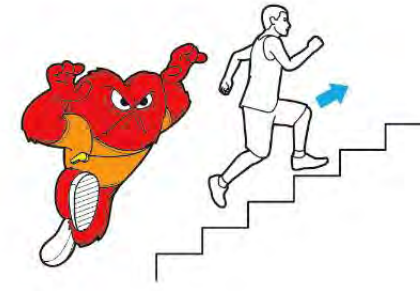
These gradually get easier as you grow more tired. Begin with feet on a stair and hands on the ground. Do as many push-ups with good form as you can until you approach near failure (when your form changes even the slightest bit). Then immediately move into a regular flat push-up and repeat to near failure. Next, place your feet on the ground and your hands on steps a few levels up and repeat to near failure.

4 ELEVATED FOOT LATERAL LUNGE

Stand sideways to a step and laterally lunge onto it, pushing down through the top leg to return to the starting position. When you're pushing down, keep your bottom leg out and off the ground. You will feel these! Be sure to keep your toes straight ahead. **Do 10 reps per leg.**

5 STAIR RUNS

Run up the stairs as fast as possible (safely). In circuits 1, 3, and 5, hit each step. In circuits 2 and 4, hit every other. Run up for 10 seconds. Quickly return to start and repeat for a total of one minute.



*And by *instant*, we mean in a few weeks—assuming, of course, you cut back on the drunken late-night burrito binges. Seriously, do you own a mirror? OK, that was a bit harsh. Shit, we're not ones to talk, but lately, bro, you kind of look like you swallowed a bathtub. Yes, yes, we know you still get tail. Yuze a playa, dawg! But you do realize no one believes your "sun-sensitivity allergy" excuse? Everyone knows why you sport a tee at the beach (even in the water). We say this because we're pals. Love, *Maxim*

LAXERCISE HARNESS YOUR LAZINESS TO GET THE BODY YOU WANT WITH THESE SLOTHFUL MUSCLE MACHINES.

1. LIE DOWN. The Luxury Hypoxi L250 marries a bed with a bike, so you can pedal in a horizontal position—then nap as soon as you tire three minutes into the workout.

2. HAVE A SEAT. The Hula Chair's rotating seat moves your lazy ass in a circle, allowing you to remain chained to your desk while you strengthen your core muscles and your *Snood* scores.

3. JUST STAND THERE. The Power Plate pro5 AIRdaptive provides all the space-hogging qualities of a treadmill without any of that pesky movement required. Simply stand still and let the "vibration training" reduce your cellulite.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRIS PHILPOT

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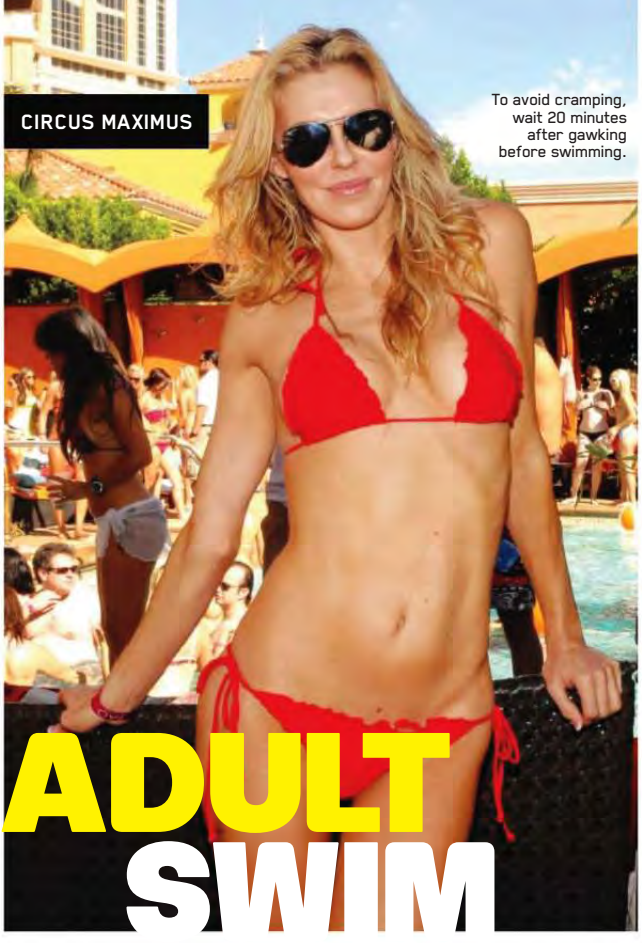


CIRCUS MAXIMUS

To avoid cramping, wait 20 minutes after gawking before swimming.

ADULT SWIM

FORGET STRIP CLUBS. TO SEE THE SEXIEST SKIN IN VEGAS, YOU NEED TO TAKE YOUR ASS **POOLSIDE**. HERE ARE THE BEST PLACES TO GET WET, WILD, AND VERY, VERY DRUNK.

ENCORE BEACH CLUB

Hotel: Encore Wynn
Open: Daily, 11 A.M.–7 P.M.
Lowdown: If the first rule of Vegas is that whole "what happens" thing, the second is that Steve Wynn does it better. This brand-new, 60,000-square-foot space mixing pool party, gaming tables, night-club, and high-end restaurant is exhibit A. Your arm floaties will never want to leave.
Local wildlife: High rollers (and the hotties trying to reel them in)
House drink: Champagne cocktail

REHAB

Hotel: Hard Rock
Open: Sunday, 11 A.M.–dusk
Lowdown: Sin City's pioneer pool party, the Hard Rock has been hosting the hot, horny, and hung over since 2004. Don't worry, they've cleaned the pool since then.
Local wildlife: Off-duty strippers (and the juicers who love them)
House drink: Rock Star lemonade

TROPICANA VEGAS

Hotel: Tropicana Vegas
Open: Daily, 9 A.M.–8 P.M.
Lowdown: This brand-spanking-new scene brings the spirit of SoBe to the Strip (that means palm trees, not coke dealers).
Local wildlife: Scantily clad honeys; dudes trying to sweat off their bachelor party hangovers
House drink: The Leblon caipirinha

WET REPUBLIC

Hotel: MGM Grand
Open: 11 A.M.–dusk
Lowdown: It's a holiday every day at this thumping celebration of "daylife." (Like nightlife, but during the day. Get it?)
Local wildlife: Various celebrity hosts and the staff, all of whom seem to be models.
House drink: Mojitos by the pitcher

DITCH FRIDAYS AT PALMS POOL

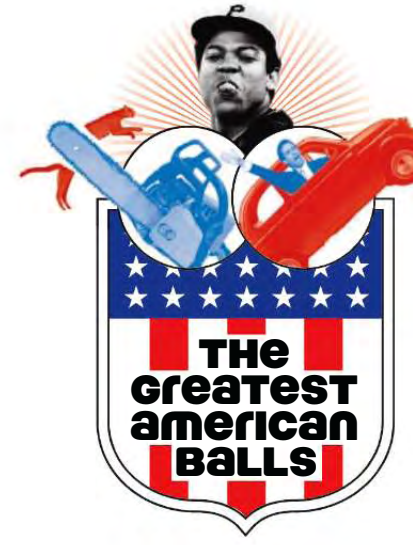
Hotel: The Palms
Open: Friday, noon–7 P.M.
Lowdown: Ah, Fridays in Vegas—that innocent time when you still have a clean conscience, a full wallet, and a functioning liver. At this debauched fiesta, you can kiss all three goodbye.
Local wildlife: *Playboy* Bunnies (and old dudes ogling them)
House drink: Miller Lite

NOW YOU KNOW

WHAT TO DO IF YOU'RE APPROACHED BY A HOT WOMAN OR A BEAR

Tear out and keep in your wallet for quick reference.

	HOT WOMAN	BEAR
Don't panic!	✓	✓
Speak in a calm voice and wave arms so that you can be identified as a human.	✓	✓
Avoid making direct eye-contact.	✓	✓
Offer it food.	✓	✗
If it charges, stand your ground and hit it with your backpack.	✗	✓
If you anger it, cover your testicles and pray for mercy.	✓	✓



THIS FOURTH OF JULY REFLECT ON THE LIVES OF OUR TRUE HEROES.

1 DOCK ELLIS
In the past 141 years, professional baseball has seen fewer than 300 no-hitters. That didn't deter the Pittsburgh Pirates' Dock Ellis, though: He threw one in 1970 after **taking enough acid** to have rendered a normal man incapable of making a sandwich...out of another sandwich.

2 DONALD CLOUSTON
In 2008, 81-year-old Donald Clouston was carrying groceries to his Santa Rosa, California home when he was jumped by a teenager brandishing a knife. Clouston calmly put down his bags, **kicked the kid in the nuts,** then picked up his bags and strolled on.

3 SKIP SNOW
As the Everglades rapidly succumb to an infestation of **enormous Burmese pythons,** Skip Snow has taken a stand. For more than eight years, he has been catching the 13-foot-long, alligator-swallowing bastards, armed only with a pair of tongs, a laundry sack, and two of the biggest balls this country has ever seen.

4 DUSTIN DIBBLE
Most of us wake up from a night out both emotionally and financially poorer—not Dustin Dibble. The 25-year-old drunkenly fell in front of an N.Y.C. subway train in 2006: He lost a leg, but **walked (hopped?) away with a cool $2.3 million** after cleverly suing N.Y.C. Transit. Next round is on him!

5 DUSTIN BRITTON
While camping with his family in Wyoming last year, ex-marine Dustin Britton was attacked by a mountain lion. In a moment too awesome to be captured by modern photography, he **fought it off with a frickin' chain saw.**

6 JERRY SEINFELD
Yes, *that* Jerry Seinfeld. In 2008 the man who made a career out of being too wimpy to open a packet of airline peanuts found **his brakes had failed** while approaching a highway intersection. Maintaining his cool, he pulled on the handbrake and flipped his car over to avoid injuring other motorists. What's the deal with the James Bond heroics, Jerry?

ILLUSTRATION BY QUICKHONEY

We Want a Pitcher!

THE SIX SUPERSIZABLE SUMMER DRINKS EVERY GUY MUST KNOW HOW TO MAKE. BY MIKE DAWSON

Three hours later the Kool-Aid Man woke up in a puddle of his own vomit.

Come July, you want to be outside holding court among the tan-legged cuties in lawn chairs—not locked in the kitchen mixing drinks, making a sticky mess, and earning an awkward splash stain on your shorts. ("I swear it's vodka! Smell it!") Relax, pal, it's a party. Make sure you keep it going by serving up a few pitchers of big-batch booze. Here's how.

ROMAN STINGER

Sipped solo, Campari tastes like cough syrup. But mixed by a master (soon to be you), it morphs into a supreme summer happy sauce that strikes the perfect thirst-quenching balance between bitter and sweet. The talented 'tenders at Little Branch in New York City dreamed up this sublimely tart and tasty concoction.

1 part Campari
1 part dry vermouth
1 part lime juice
½ part agave syrup

Shake or stir. Pour over ice. Garnish with orange slice.

TOM COLLINS

Save the G&Ts for the open bars at weddings. At home, gulp this alcoholic air conditioner. Here's the classic recipe, perfected at the Thompson Above Beverly Hills bar in L.A.

10 oz. Bulldog gin
5 oz. lemon juice
5 tsp. sugar
Soda water
Maraschino cherries
Orange wedges

Stir gin, lemon juice, sugar. Pour over ice, fill glasses ¾ up. Top with soda. Drop in cherry and orange wedge.

THE PAINKILLER

This rum bomb from Richard Boccato, co-owner of N.Y.C.'s Dutch Kills and Painkiller bars, is basically a blenderless piña colada, only way more potent and thus way more awesome. "Girls, care for another?"

2 parts Zacapa or Pusser's rum
2 parts pineapple juice
Several orange wedges
1 part cream of coconut

Pour pineapple juice, then smash and muddle the oranges on the bottom. Add cream of coconut, rum, and stir. Pour over ice. Top with a heavy dash of nutmeg.

WHISKEY SMASH

Mojitos a little girly for you? To get your mint fix and maintain your manhood, drink this bourbon masterpiece from Boccato's playbook.

2 parts Maker's Mark
¾ part simple syrup
Several lemon wedges
Mint leaves

Pour in simple syrup, then muddle lemons and mint on the bottom. Add bourbon and ice. Shake (or stir), strain, and pour over ice. Garnish with lemon wedge and mint.

MOSCOW MULE

Cocktail chefs have been trying to improve the mule for years. Eff that. Nothing tops the old-school recipe, served best at Drink bar in Boston.

1 part Absolut vodka
1 part ginger beer
Limes

Slice up a whole lime. Smash and muddle the lime at bottom. Add vodka and ginger beer. Stir, strain, and pour over ice. Top with lime wedge.

WHAT'S IN THE MAXIM BEER FRIDGE THIS MONTH

Our on-the-clock mind vacations come courtesy of **Black Star Lager**, a Montana brew that was the headlining beer at Coachella this year. It's a super-light, hay-hued elixir that still tempts the taste buds thanks to a double dose of hops! Score some here: blackstarbeer.com.

THE BARE-CUPBOARD COCKTAIL SUPPLIES RUNNING SHORT? THEN MAKE A COBBLER. TAKE ANY CITRUS FRUIT, SMASH IT INTO THE BOTTOM OF A GLASS, ADD A SPOONFUL OF SUGAR (OR HONEY), ADD ANY BOOZE AND SOME ICE, THEN STIR AND SERVE. BYE-BYE, DT'S!

PROP STYLING, KAREN EVANS

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMIE CHUNG

THE SEXIEST SIMPSON

FROM THE PAGES OF *MAXIM INDONESIA*, IT'S **JESSIE SIMPSON!**

Describe yourself.
I'm a very calm person. I don't like to go to the party every night. I prefer to relax at home and watch movies with my baby monkey.

Baby monkey?
Yes, monkey. His name is Tarzan. He is my pride and joy. I like to spend a lot of my time taking care of him.

What do you and Tarzan like to do together?
Golf. I love taking my little Tarzan to the golf course.

Besides having a tail, what do you look for in a guy?
I believe every woman wants a guy who is intelligent and kind and has a good sense of humor.

What is your wildest sex fantasy?
I have a different fantasy about sex every single day. That is why my relationship with my boyfriend is always fun and far from boring.

How about threesomes?
I think threesomes are a natural discovery stage of every person's sexual life. I don't think there is anything wrong with self-discovery. But my biggest turn-on is a kiss on my neck while being gently touched on the back. This is what builds up the most erotic feelings in me.

God, we wish we were your monkey.

FIVE FUN FACTS ABOUT INDONESIA

1 Keep the bathroom door locked good and tight: The penalty for masturbation is decapitation!

2 President Obama grew up in Indonesia, where former classmates remember him as "Barry."

3 One of the oldest specimens of *Homo erectus*, nicknamed Java Man, was found here. (Hopefully, not masturbating.)

4 The 1815 eruption of still-active volcano Mount Tambora killed over 100,000 people. Take that, Iceland!

5 In some regions men insert objects like ball bearings and gemstones into their penises for "sexual enhancement."

NICOLINE PATRICIA MALINA

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(SOMETIMES NOT AT ALL OFFENSIVE!)

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(PLUG INTO THE LATEST BLINKING, BEEPING GOODIES!)

MOVIES, MUSIC AND GAMES
(IF YOU CAN WASTE TIME WITH IT, WE'VE GOT IT!)

COOL STYLE
(SERIOUSLY, DUDE, PUT ON A FRIGGIN' SHIRT ALREADY.)

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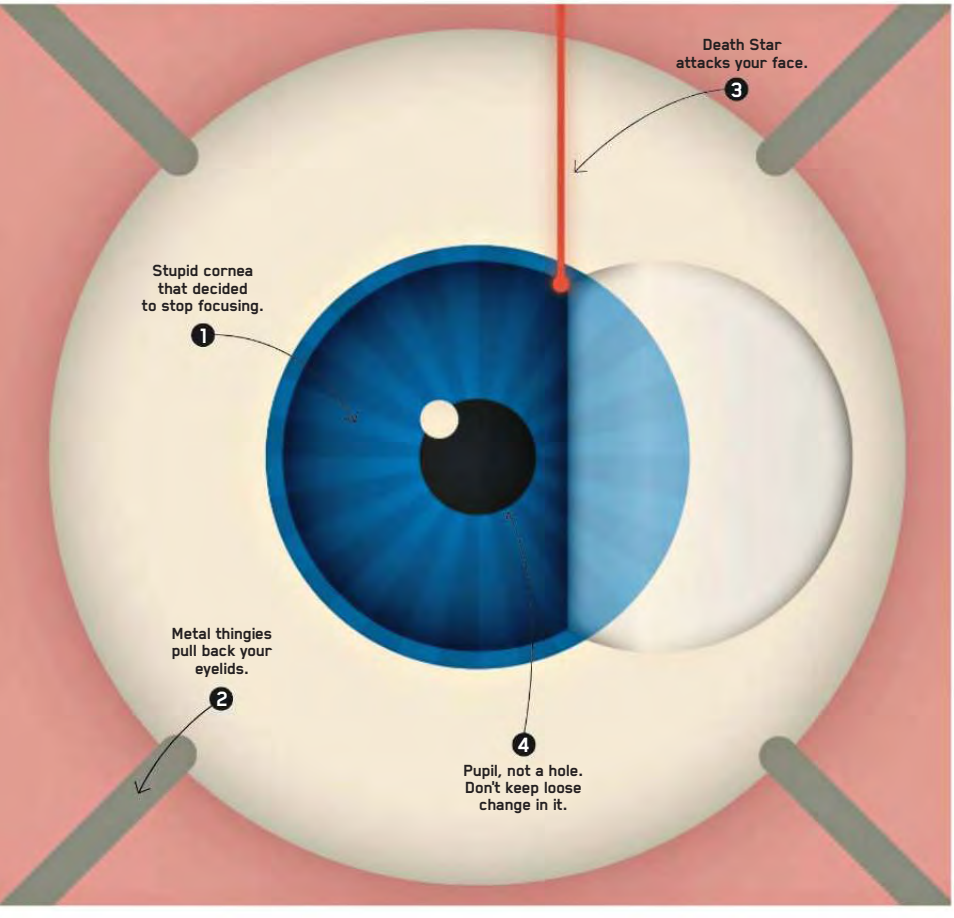
Ask Maxim

This month: solving the mysteries of the supersmart, as well as tongue kissing, electrical sockets, and scary eye surgery!


Death Star attacks your face.
3
Stupid cornea that decided to stop focusing.
1
Metal thingies pull back your eyelids.
2
4
Pupil, not a hole. Don't keep loose change in it.

What exactly happens during a Lasik surgery?

Dietrich Sans, Bluefield, WV

1. So you want some laser-assisted in situ keratomileusis? Zapping your eyeballs may seem like the stuff of sci-fi torture, but it's a pretty simple procedure. "We take a 3D wave-front map of the patient's eyes," says Louis Probst, M.D., national medical director for TLC Vision. "We measure the little imperfections in the cornea to make the treatment as perfect as possible."

2. Lasik begins with a topical anaesthetic applied to the eye (and maybe a sedative to ease the nerves). Then a speculum is inserted to keep it open for the procedure. We know what you're picturing, but don't worry. "We don't crank it open like in *A Clockwork Orange*!" Dr. Probst promises. "We only open the eye as much as we need to and try to make it as untraumatic as possible."

3. Using a femtosecond laser, your doc creates a corneal flap. (Cringe all you want, but cheap Lasik doctors still use a small, vibrating blade.) The flap is lifted, and an excimer laser—which shoots a beam of ultraviolet light—is used to reshape the cornea. "It's like resculpturing the shape of your contact lens right onto your cornea permanently," says Dr. Probst. If you're nearsighted, the doctor flattens your cornea. For farsightedness, he gives it a better curve.

4. The procedure takes about five minutes per eye, and healing starts as soon as the corneal flap is replaced. Armed with anti-inflammatory and antibiotic drops, the patient is free to enjoy the world—or just a crossword puzzle—often with 20-20 vision (or better). But bring a friend. "People usually walk out with driving vision, but we do not suggest they drive home," says Dr. Probst. You'll want to be 100 percent sure that speed bump isn't a nun before you coast over it.

WHAT IS THE HIGHEST NUMBER YOU CAN SCORE ON AN IQ TEST?

Kirk Baloud, Dallas, TX

"Based on a world population of 6.5 billion people with an IQ mean of 100 and a standard deviation of 15, I calculate the highest IQ possible at 195," says Douglas Detterman, professor of psychology at Case Western Reserve University. Translation for idiots: It's not really possible to say. Since extremely smart people are extremely rare, they aren't likely to be included in standardized samples used in testing. Besides, there have been reports of smarty-pantses clocking in with IQs higher than 195, like Korean prodigy Kim Ung-Yong, whose IQ is 210 or something. If he's so smart, why does he have a girl's name? Face!

WHY IS IT CALLED A FRENCH KISS?

Jermaine Fouts, Rochester, NY

Don't you mean freedom kiss? According to Dave Wilton, etymologist and editor of wordorigins.org, "There is a long tradition in English of associating eroticism with France." In the 19th century, for example, "French novel" was another name for a smut book and "French letter" referred to a condom. But the first written record of "French kiss" was in 1918, in a letter sent home from an American soldier in Europe. In it he described the language in Luxembourg as a blend of German and French, or "a liaison between tongues," and then joked, "not to be confused with French kissing." Which also demonstrates America's rich history of making fun of the French.

WHY DO THE SHAPES OF POWER PLUGS DIFFER FROM COUNTRY TO COUNTRY?

Joe Temple, Alexandria, KY

There are 13 different plug types worldwide, distributed randomly. So a toaster oven you buy in Egypt won't plug into a socket in neighboring Libya, but you could fly over the Atlantic and toast up some Hot Pockets with it in Paraguay. Inventor Harvey Hubbell II designed the first two-prong plug and socket (what we use) in the early 20th century, but inventors worldwide were designing their own types, and countries began adopting different types without considering the future of international travel. Which also explains why no one ever flies with toaster ovens.

CONTRIBUTORS: CIRCUS MAXIMUS' WRITERS, JUGGLERS, AND CLOWNS
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ILLUSTRATION BY SIGGI EGGERTSSON

TEAM Tenaga

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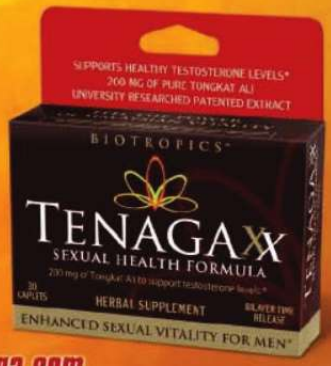

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Posse In Effect

CREATOR DOUG ELLIN HIPS US TO WHY THIS WILL BE THE HOTTEST SEASON OF ***ENTOURAGE*** YET.

THE GIRLS

"We have the best-looking girls we've ever had. We got Autumn Reeser, who's still working at Ari's agency and has huge conflicts with him. Vince starts dating **Sasha Grey** (right), playing herself, which I was happy about, because I wasn't gonna do it with a fake porn star. **Dania Ramirez** (middle) plays a driver at Turtle's limo service, and he's all over her. And **Emmanuelle Chriqui** (far right) is planning her wedding with E. There's lots of interesting sexual stuff I don't think we've seen on TV before."

THE GEAR

"Of course we've got the iPad, and the guys are driving a Panamera, the new four-door Porsche. They'll send us stuff to put on the show, you know? If I call and say, 'Hey, can we borrow a car?' they'll give it to us. Unfortunately, they don't give us free cars for everybody."

THE GUESTS

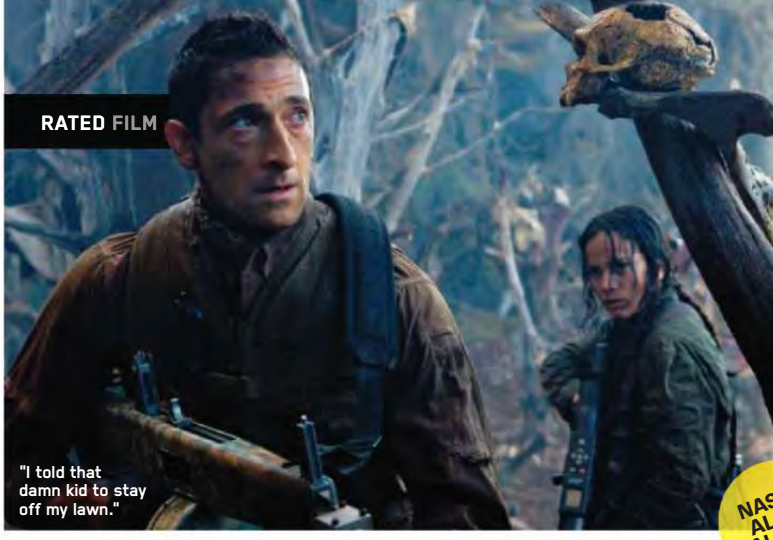
"Bob Saget is back, along with John Stamos. Yeah, I'm trying to get the rights to the *Full House* movie. We don't have the Olsen twins yet, but there's always next year. We've also got Aaron Sorkin, John Cleese, and Mike Tyson, who can actually act... He killed it! Can *Maxim* get him more roles? He wants a role!"

Entourage **begins June 27 on HBO at 10:30 P.M. (ET).**

THE GUYS

"Vince's Enzo Ferrari biopic is done, and he's once again an A-list star. Drama has a TV holding deal, E has his management company, and Turtle has a car service business. They've all found success, and we're going to explore the dark things that come out of having it all. It's gonna be fun."

ILLUSTRATION BY CRISTIANA COUCEIRO



"I told that damn kid to stay off my lawn."

NASTY ALIEN ALERT!

JUNGLE FEVER

ROBERT RODRIGUEZ RESURRECTS THE *PREDATOR* FRANCHISE.

The four-jawed beastie that first hunted Arnold Schwarzenegger in 1987 has gone through some hard times: a sequel that stunk—despite a sweet Gary Busey appearance—and two crossover movies with *Alien* that were more painful than having a baby creature burst through your chest at Thanksgiving dinner. Good thing Robert Rodriguez is stepping in as producer and attempting to pull a *Star Trek*–type reboot. "Fox brought it to me and explained that they wanted to start the series all over again," says the cowboy-hatted director, who's been tearing up the big screen since 1995's *Desperado*. "This time I'm taking it back to the jungle."

Rodriguez' script, which began as a writing exercise more than 14 years ago, put Arnold in the starring role. "We had to change a lot from my original script," he says. "So we had this whole new cast, which is what I liked about this concept. You can't replace Arnold, so don't try." This new group—which includes Adrien Brody, Topher Grace, and Laurence Fishburne—is a band of mercenaries, soldiers, and criminals sent to a vicious jungle planet and served up as prey to a new breed of Predator.

But the fair play of the original beastie is out the door. "The first Predator had rules," explains Rodriguez. "He wouldn't kill you if you weren't armed, for example. So if he was a dog, these new Predators are wolves. They don't care if you have a weapon or not. They're sadistic." Great, now we're scared *and* horny.—*Jesse Brukman*

Predators opens everywhere July 9.

HOW TO:

OUTMATCH A PREDATOR

YOUR GUIDE TO HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT. TIME TO GO CAMO, COWARD!

SETTING: Office
PREDATOR: Boss looking to dump a late-day assignment on you
TACTIC: White-board it! Remove white board from wall and place hanging wire around your neck. Cover face and neck with Post-it notes. Muffle your giggle when the big guy walks right by you.

SETTING: Backstage at a Victoria's Secret fashion show
PREDATOR: Security looking to Taser you
TACTIC: Just be yourself. Run your weak-ass game on the models and—presto!—you're invisible!

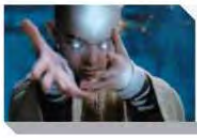
THE CHECKUP

SORTING THROUGH THE CINEMATIC HEAP.

KNIGHT AND DAY
When a regular gal (Cameron Diaz) inadvertently gets involved with a secret agent (Tom Cruise), he pulls her into a globe-spanning adventure.

GROWN UPS
After the death of their basketball coach, a group of former classmates reunite 30 years later with wives, beer guts, and kids in tow.

THE TWILIGHT SAGA: ECLIPSE
Amid another wave of mysterious killings, Bella is forced to choose between her love for Edward and her friendship with Jacob. Decisions!



THE LAST AIRBENDER
The Avatar has kept peace between the four elements, but when the Fire nation attacks, the fate of the world rests on his successor. Huh?

Cruise has played a secret agent at least 14 times, and this plot was already used this summer in *Killers*. Pray the Scientology gods are watching over their favorite son.

More than just an on-screen reunion: Adam Sandler brings seven of his former *SNL* cast mates into one film...even Rob Schneider!

We've already got our TEAM EDWARD and TEAM JACOB T-shirts on. Just don't ask where.

Get those thoughts of Na'vi out of your head...This is an M. Night Shyamalan adaptation of a Nickelodeon cartoon. *Hey Dude* plot twist, anyone?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMESON SIMPSON

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Ginger slice garnish

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RATED MUSIC

SEXY JAM TIME!

DRAKE RAKES IT IN

THE CHART-TOPPING RAPPER-SINGER-LADIES' MAN ON HIS DEBUT, *THANK ME LATER*.

You played a kid in a wheelchair on the Canadian teen drama *Degrassi: The Next Generation*. So who gets more groupies, actors or rappers?
That's a tough one. You'd have to be more specific. Because Johnny Depp gets more groupies than, like, Plies.

So what about Drake the actor versus Drake the musician?
Oh, I definitely get better women now. You'll always find more attractive women by making music about women than by being on a show about teen pregnancy.

You were pursued by every major label before you got signed. What's the most ridiculous thing you were promised?
It was like, "Whatever he wants," so I joked: "Tell them I want to be on the cover of *O* magazine," and, "Say I want to be Obama's VP."

Describe your new album?
It's an emotional journey through the last year of my life. I've got songs where I sing the whole way through. I've got songs where I rap for 32 bars. And I've got songs where I just spit. Because I think that's important, too.

Pop quiz: Better Canadian rapper—you or Snow?
Man, I don't want to step on toes! I think I might be a tad more lyrical. But fame and swag? He might have me beat.—*Josh Eells*

DOWNLOAD NOW!

THE GASLIGHT ANTHEM
"AMERICAN SLANG"
Punks shout over riffs heavier than a Funk & Wagnalls.

EMINEM
"NOT AFRAID"
Hear that, spiders and heights? Find another white rapper to scare!

M.I.A.
"BORN FREE"
Messy, squawky, and bangin'.

SUCKERS
"BLACK SHEEP"
The best arty Brooklyn dudes we've heard this month!

THE BLACK KEYS
"NEXT GIRL"
Dirty, swampy blues-funk about a no-good lady.

USHER FEAT. WILL.I.AM
"OMG"
R&B O.G. meets the BEP MC! LOL!

ROBYN
"CRY WHEN YOU GET OLDER"
Over swooping synths, the Swedish pop dominatrix gets misty-eyed.

TALES FROM THE STUDIO

THE STRAIGHT DOPE ON THE MONTH'S HOTTEST ALBUMS.

TRAVIE MCCOY
LAZARUS
The Gym Class Heroes MC—don't call him Travis!—becomes Mr. Solo-Dolo.

Where the magic happened:
"The Hit Factory Criteria in Miami. I loved the vibe so much I relocated to Miami from N.Y.C."

Three things I can't record without:
"A pack of Parliament Lights, a box of grape Swishers, and an ounce of strawberry cough."

The haters will say:
""The Gym Class Heroes album was better,' and, 'Who is Travie?'"

WHITE CROSSES
AGAINST ME!
The Florida agit-punks' fifth record, as explained by frontman Tom Gabel.

Casualties during production:
"We became addicted to a video game called *Nazi Zombies*. The casualties were in the thousands."

Sounds like a cross between:
"T.Rex, Tom Petty, Afghan Whigs, the Clash, the Replacements, the Cure, and the Ramones."

The haters will say:
"They're not impressed via Twitter. Then they'll jerk off to porn while we play a packed house."

PREPARE TO SQUIRM

When a depressed divorcé (John C. Reilly) meets the woman of his dreams (Marisa Tomei), only one thing stands in the way of their happiness: her adult son, **Cyrus**, played by a way creepy Jonah Hill.

SET YOUR TIVO

Last season's cliffhanger left many questions: Will the men of Sterling Cooper hit with their new agency? Do Don and Betty really get divorced? Can we smoke at work? The wait is over: **Mad Men** returns to AMC July 25.

WATCH THIS FLICK

Hired to stop a terrorist, Josh Brolin stars as bounty hunter **Jonah Hex** in the big-screen adaptation of the DC comic. Enjoy Megan Fox as a deadly prostitute.

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BADASS BOOK CLUB

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FOR THE HORNY DUDE

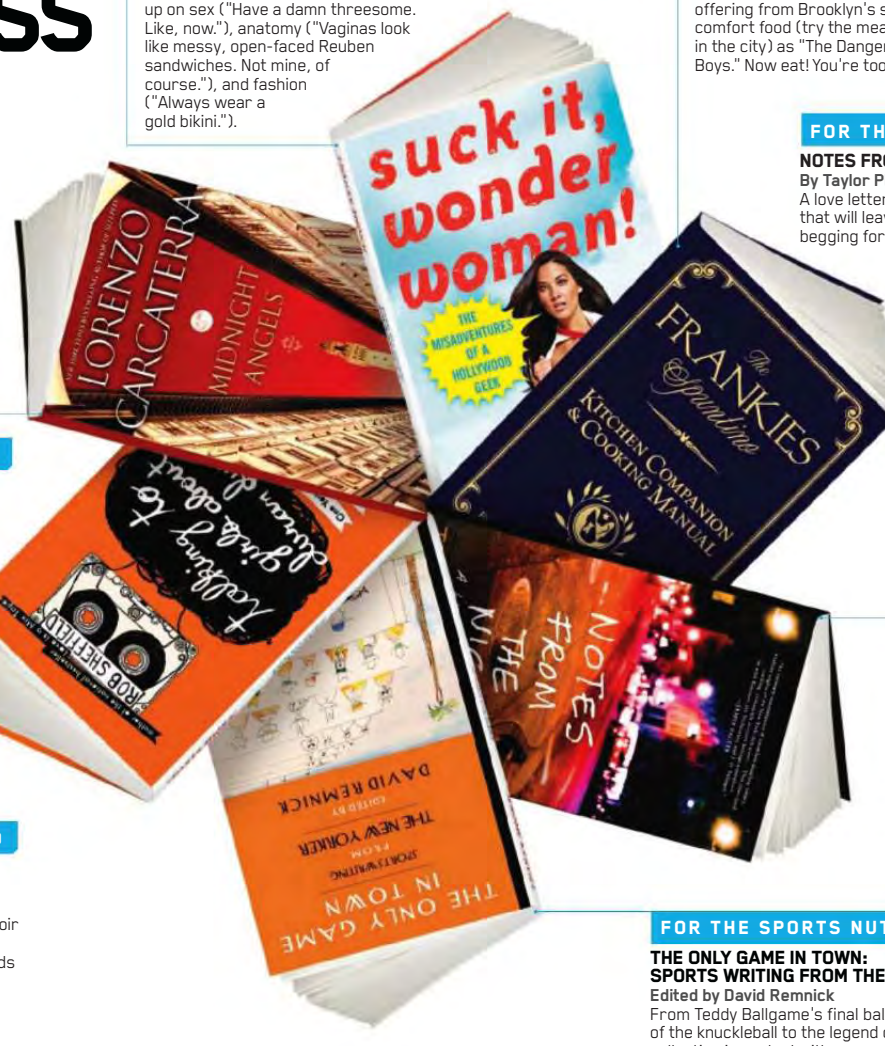
SUCK IT, WONDER WOMAN! THE MISADVENTURES OF A HOLLYWOOD GEEK
By Olivia Munn
Our favorite nerd-approved goddess opens up on sex ("Have a damn threesome. Like, now."), anatomy ("Vaginas look like messy, open-faced Reuben sandwiches. Not mine, of course."), and fashion ("Always wear a gold bikini.").

FOR THE HUNGRY

THE FRANKIES SPUNTINO KITCHEN COMPANION & COOKING MANUAL
By Frank Falcinelli and Frank Castronovo
Think of this fun, old-fashioned, and often-funny offering from Brooklyn's stoner kings of Italian comfort food (try the meatballs—they're the best in the city) as "The Dangerous Cookbook for Boys." Now eat! You're too skinny!

FOR THE LIVER ABUSER

NOTES FROM THE NIGHT
By Taylor Plimpton
A love letter to N.Y.C. after dark that will leave you hung over and begging for another round.



FOR THE ADVENTURER

MIDNIGHT ANGELS
By Lorenzo Carcaterra
The hunt for a lost piece of art leaves the streets of Florence, Italy littered with bodies. This blood-splattered page-turner of a thriller could be the hottest action you get all summer.

FOR THE MUSIC NERD

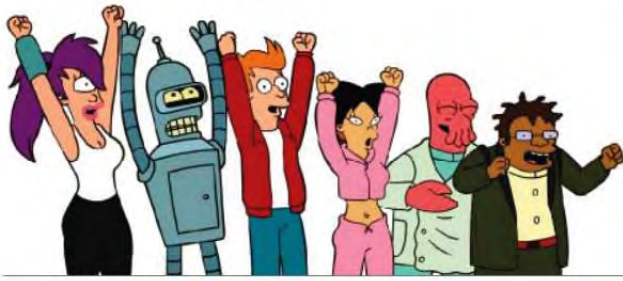
TALKING TO GIRLS ABOUT DURAN DURAN
By Rob Sheffield
A hilarious, heartbreaking memoir of growing up in the era of MTV, cassingles, and really good bands with really bad hair.

FOR THE SPORTS NUT

THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN: SPORTS WRITING FROM THE NEW YORKER
Edited by David Remnick
From Teddy Ballgame's final ball game to the science of the knuckleball to the legend of Tiger Woods, this collection is packed with so much sports awesomeness you might get a groin pull reading it.

BACK TO THE FUTURAMA

THE GEEKTASTIC SCI-FI 'TOON RETURNS...AGAIN!



The twisted animated comedy about a space-faring delivery company from the year 2099 debuted a decade ago, was canceled, found an audience with reruns and straight-to-DVD movies, and now returns for 26 new episodes on Comedy Central. "Fans bought the movies and watched the reruns," says executive producer David X. Cohen. "They keep bringing *Futurama* back!"

As to how the show will address the hiatuses? "There will be a bit of a reboot," explains Cohen. But don't expect big changes. "We rejected the idea of adding new characters." What hasn't been rejected is the show's laser-beam focus on zapping current events. "We've got one episode about legalizing robosexual marriage," says Cohen. Now, what's binary for "fabulous"?

Futurama airs at 10 P.M. on Comedy Central starting June 24.

BE A VIRAL INFECTION

TOSH.0'S HOST WANTS TO MAKE YOU THE NEXT YOUTUBE SENSATION.

***Tosh.0* is *America's Funniest Home Videos* if it were kicked in the balls by *Talk Soup* and put online. Host Daniel Tosh shares tips for being the next viral star.**

1. "Have a hot chick with big boobs Taser your grandma."
2. "The Internet loves cute videos, so if you want to go viral, you've got to exploit your baby (i.e., give drugs to your baby). Also, it helps if the baby is really fat and a Beyoncé song is playing."
3. "Animal videos are a crowd pleaser. Train your puppy to do an adorable trick, like fighting another puppy to death."
4. "Nobody wants to watch you and your brother Indian leg-wrestle. However, if you title your video 'Michelle Obama Nip Slip,' the entire world will see what a pussy your brother is."
5. "Turn a camera on and kill yourself."
–Michael Lockhart

Tosh.0 airs Wednesdays at 10:30 P.M. on Comedy Central.

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JENN STERGER

The original FSU Cowgirl gears up to outsexy *SportsCenter*

Jenn Sterger may be best known as the foxy former coed who shot to fame cheering on her alma mater, but now she brings her knowledge (and sex appeal) into your home as a host of *The Daily Line*, the live sports roundtable from cable network Versus. Here's why we're so enamored of this sizzling sportscaster.

She's opinionated!
"People expect me to give cookie-cutter opinions about my teams, but I'm like, 'No! If we suck, we suck. I'll tell you.' I do take it a little personally when people badmouth the Rays, though, because I feel like when they fail, I fail."

She's a toughie!
"I almost got picked up by a pro tennis player, and when he told me what he did, I was like, 'That's funny!' I don't mind if girls play tennis, but if a guy plays it... really? Also, golf. I don't get the whole Tiger Woods appeal. If drunk people can play it and old people can play it, it's not a sport."

She's single!
"I'm trying to do the whole dating thing, but it's tough, because you don't know whether a guy sees you as just some trophy piece or if he really likes you for you. If a guy can't handle me in my pajamas on a Saturday morning or at a diner hung over, he probably doesn't need to be with me anyway."–*Stephanie Radvan*

The Daily Line airs weeknights at 11 ET.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

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Green Monster

WITH THE GALLARDO SUPERLEGGERA, LAMBORGHINI LETS LOOSE A FLYWEIGHT KINK KILLER. BY JESSE WILL

Once I pass 160 mph on the sun-soaked Circuito Monteblanco, an F1 test track in southern Spain, I start to feel like a pretty cool guy. I've got my sweaty mitts wrapped around the suede-clad steering wheel of Lambo's latest, lightest creation, and its V-10 engine, mounted just behind my head, is emitting a heavy metal anthem that sounds like a demon god tearing through a trailer park. There are no trailer parks out here, and sadly there are no women around to watch my matador-like valor, the way I rein in this wily, track-tuned road beast like so. There's just the Lamborghini CEO, standing around hoping his car doesn't get fucked up. Lucky for us both, it doesn't.

His car is the Superleggera ("ultralight" in Italian), a harder-edged version of the already stellar Gallardo, made faster and 154 pounds lighter through the extensive use of carbon fiber. In fact, you see that strong, lightweight material everywhere but the cupholder. (There actually isn't one, which is a good thing, because the temptation to throw this car sideways comes with every curve.) And since the suspension has been made super-stiff for track use, doing that's just a little too easy. The road is right there, no layers between you and the asphalt. To commune any closer, you'd have to be buried alive in it. Hey, if the Superleggera could come with you, maybe that wouldn't be so bad?

SUSPENDING BELIEF
Rock-hard running gear includes a firm double-wishbone setup and reinforced antiroll bars. Unlike its competitor the Ferrari 458 Italia, this Lambo doesn't have an adjustable suspension for a relaxed ride. It's always stiff. Take the bumps like a man.

THE TRANSMISSION
Along with Ferrari, Lambo is "over" the manual gearbox. The Gallardo Superleggera comes with a paddle-shifted six-speed. For now the folks in Sant'Agata Bolognese *might* build you a stick shift if you beg. Expect that practice to end soon.

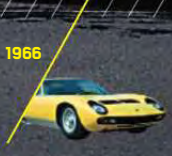
SPEC CHECK
2011 LAMBORGHINI GALLARDO LP 570-4 SUPERLEGGERA
Price: $237,600
Engine: DOHC 5.2-liter V-10
Torque: 398.3 lb.-ft. at 6,500 rpm
Horsepower: 570
0–60: 3.4 seconds

REAR VIEW
A standard carbon-fiber spoiler produces downforce; opt for the big-ass rear wing for even better road holding. But be warned—that added flair might throw off your Gallardo's otherwise subtle, introverted look.

THE RUBBER
Wide Pirelli tires are made specially for the car from an ultra-sticky compound; an asymmetrical tread pattern—and the car's AWD setup—make it tough to lose your ass on wet asphalt. Rainy days? Not an excuse to garage this beast.

LIFE IN LAMBO
SNAPSHOTS FROM THE RAGING BULL.

1963
When Enzo Ferrari disses **Ferruccio Lamborghini's** driving skills, the tractor builder decides to build his own damn car.



1966
The **Miura** debuts, and with its 186 mph top speed, so does the term *supercar*. Its pure form still makes designers' pants messy today.

1974
The wedge-shaped **Countach** arrives. Its scissor doors, a first, open toward the heavens. "Why, God, is this douche-bag driving me?"

1986
Lambo hits a rare bum note with the **LM002**, a proto-SUV. This model's highlight? When the U.S. military blew up Uday Hussein's.

1990
The **Diablo** hits Trapper Keepers. As countless likenesses are rendered in pencil, young men's grades plummet worldwide.

2007
At $1.4 mil, the **Reventón** becomes the most expensive Lambo ever. Weird, Hertz didn't upgrade you to one, either? Bastards.

Air Travel Survival Gear

THIS TOP TECH WILL HELP YOU PULL THROUGH ANY BRUTAL SUMMER VACATION LAYOVER—EXCEPT ONE IN DETROIT.

SHRED PROTECTOR

SOMA AIRBAG $170–$220
De-stress your surfboard transport with the SOMA AirBag, a tough inflatable sleeve that lets you stash your stick in a nearly unbreakable cocoon for cross-country flights. Better yet, it blows up in less than five minutes, leaving plenty of lung capacity to inhale, Spicoli. **airbagdesigns.com**

POWER BOOK

MSI WIND U160 NETBOOK $430
It's less than an inch thick, weighs 2.2 pounds, and Interwebs hella fast. But the MSI Wind U160 Netbook's best trait is its 15-hour battery. Miss the flight? Console yourself with *Girls Gone Wild*'s whole catalog. **msimobile.com**

WI-FINDER

WI-FI DETECTOR SHIRT $20
Can't promise it'll get you laid, but you'll find the airport's sweetest surfing spot with the Wi-Fi Detector Shirt. Running off three AAAs, it proudly displays signal strength wherever you go. Hope it's strongest near Cinnabon! **thinkgeek.com**

BUZZ KILLERS

SONY MDR-NC300D NOISE-CANCELING EARBUDS $300
These 'phones use artificial intelligence to select the ideal cancellation mode based on your environment, then provide 98.4 percent ambient noise reduction. You'll sleep right through the flight attendant screaming at you to take them out. What? **sonystyle.com**

JUICE BOOST

MILI POWER SKIN $70
Your biggest knock on the iPhone (besides the dropped calls)? The fact that it dies every time you play 17 too many rounds of *FIFA 10*. Enter the MiLi Power Skin, the thinnest external battery on the market, which quite simply doubles your phone's life. *Go-o-o-o-al!* **iphonemili.com**

JAVA JOCKEY

TUGO DRINK HOLDER $10
While you careen hands-full through Terminal C in an attempt to make your flight, the Tugo drink holder will keep your venti half-caff safely suspended between the extended handles of your wheely bag. A definite conversation starter, especially if you're looking to pick up platinum-medallion-class business ladies. **goodtugo.com**

STRONG WORDS

THAT'S MINE LUGGAGE TAG $10
Most luggage tags appear destined to get destroyed. Not so the Dynomighty Design That's Mine label. Made from a single sheet of burly Tyvek fabric, it's practically indestructible. In other words, it'll last a lot longer than your Hello Kitty matched set. **conranusa.com**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER OUMANSKI

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ODOR COUNTERACTED AT THE SOURCE

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PROP STYLING, KAREN EVANS

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMIE CHUNG

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Rebel Range

Like to do things a bit differently? The **Barbecook Banika** pairs an electric rotating spit with a cage that contains the coals vertically at the rear of the grill. While you salivate, your meat-spinnery makes crisp, juicy perfection. **$895, gourmetgrills.net**

BAD APRONS

IF THE CHEF'S WEARING ONE OF THESE MAN-SMOCKS AT YOUR BBQ, FIND ANOTHER BACKYARD, FAST.

That's Not Burger Blood

Who's the Asshole That Didn't Want Cheese?

Guess Where My Hand Just Was?

Who Wants Theirs With Extra Raisins?

Secret Sauce

Small Wonder

Apartment the size of a Guantánamo cell? At just more than a foot wide and tall, the steel-bodied **Bodum Fyrkat** can stash in a cupboard, then crush burgers and steak the next time you risk imprisonment with a totally illegal roof-a-cue. Here's hoping a nice rib eye keeps your building's super quiet. **$50, bodumusa.com**

Instant Classic

Close your eyes and picture "grill" and the **Weber One-Touch Platinum** might just pop up. Weber doesn't mess with perfection, and their latest model boasts a handy gliding lid holder, a built-in thermometer, double the shelf space, and a generous 363-square-inch cooking surface. That's everything you need and nothing you don't. Who wants s'mores? **$299, weber.com**

INSTANT UPGRADES

GLAM UP YOUR BACKYARD SETUP WITH THIS NEW GRILL GADGETRY.

1/ TURBO QUE

Clip this fan to your gas grill to cut cooking time and create crisper crusts—or just aim it at your hair and look sexier flipping burgers. ***$30, brookstone.com***

2/ PIT MITT

Slam this bad boy on your paw and get hands-on with your grilling. It's made of synthetic fibers that withstand temps up to 425˚F. ***$20, williams-sonoma.com***

3/ WEBER PIZZA STONE

Can't build a backyard brick oven? Nab this slab of stone and put your grill on pizza duty. It soaks up excess moisture and spreads heat evenly. ***$50, weber.com***

4/ STEVEN RAICHLEN "BEST OF BARBECUE" SPATULA

It's a spatula, but it's also a bottle opener. Hence it's absolutely essential. ***$20, amazon.com***

NIFTY — NEED IT NOW!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRIS PHILPOT

COOKIN' WITH GAS

CHOOSE LIQUID FIRE FOR FASTER FACE STUFFING.

Game-Day Flame

Cold brats + warm beer = lamest tailgate party ever. Solve both problems with the portable **Char-Broil Grill2Go Ice**. An infrared burner sears your meat without an open flame (magic!), while two 30-quart coolers ensure your friends will be too soused to notice you burned everything. $200, charbroil.com

THERE'S A FLAME-BROILED IPHONE APP FOR THAT.

WEBER'S ON THE GRILL
Weber's app for flame friends has recipes, tips, and techniques. Its most useful feature: a timer that displays how long you should leave each particular cut on the grill. $5

GRILL-IT!
Create a menu on your phone, then hit the backyard and grill, baby, grill. Step-by-step photos will help you ID where things went terribly wrong. $1

BARBECUE
No flame? No prob. This oddly Zen app turns your iPhone's face into a grill onto which you can toss slabs of meat. Tap twice to flip till they're charred. $1

BTU Bonsai

The **Brinkmann 5 Burner with Smoker** slays 'em four ways: a 50,000 BTU grill surface, a 12,000 BTU side burner, a 10,000 BTU rotisserie burner, and a 7,500 BTU vertical smoker. Good time to know that BTU stands for British thermal unit, the amount of energy needed to heat one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit, huh? $499, homedepot.com

Heat Seeker

Medium-rare can be tricky, but the **TEC G-Sport FR**'s 100 percent infrared burner makes searing a steak at 800°F routine. And unlike cheaper infrareds, it can also go low (200°F) to smoke a turkey. Just promise us you won't waste its power on silly vegetables. $1,500 ($2,000 with base), tecinfrared.com

HOW TO

SMOKE A HOG IN A HOLE

AS OWNER OF COTTON ROW RESTAURANT IN HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA, CHEF **JAMES BOYCE** KNOWS PIGGIES BETTER THAN KERMIT.

1/ THIS LITTLE PIGGY

Order a 50-pound porker cut down the middle. Rub with vinegar, salt, olive oil, fresh herbs, and garlic. Chill and let it marinate half a day.

2/ SHOVEL IT

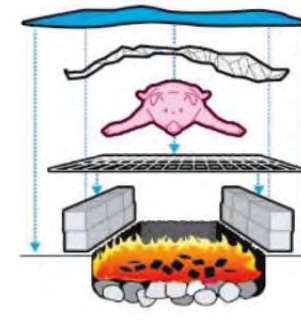
Dig a pig-size hole (3'x3') in the ground, in the shade of a tree way out in the yard, and leave a few inches of clearance on each side.

3/ ROCKS! FIRE! GRATE!

Layer the inside of the pit with baby-head-size rocks and build your fire with mesquite charcoal laid right on top. Prop a cooking grate 18 to 24 inches above the pit.

4/ ROAST IT LONG AND LOW

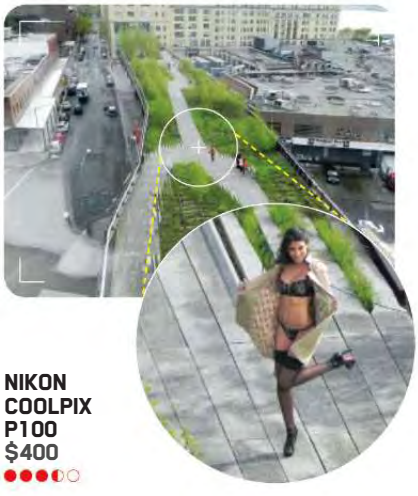
Drop the pig on the grate once the fire dies down (the temp should be about 350°F). Cover it with tin foil, then lay a tarp over the whole shebang. Eight to 10 hours later, she should be cooked. But don't lift the cover until you're ready to take 'er out.



SPY SHOOTERS

THESE SUPERZOOM DIGICAMS CAN CAPTURE SORDID SCENES YOU CAN BARELY SEE WITH THE NAKED EYE. WHICH ONE'S THE SHARPEST?

1



NIKON COOLPIX P100
$400

THE GOOD This 26x superzoom performs almost like a full-fledged Nikon SLR; we were able to coax the best color of the trio with it—especially, ahem, flesh tones. (We caught this foxy flasher from four stories up.) Bonuses: HD video capabilities at 1080p resolution and manual settings that are stupid-simple to control.
THE BAD Our shots looked slightly grainy at full optical zoom (678 mm).
BOTTOM LINE If you're not into taking naughty footage of the folks in the next building over, use it to capture close-up video of your kid picking his nose out in right field. It'll pay off later.

2

OLYMPUS SP-800UZ
$350

THE GOOD The specs are great: It's got a 30x zoom (840 mm), takes 14-megapixel shots, and has a three-inch LCD screen. But, strangely, this one gave us images that weren't as crisp or accurately colored as the other cams did.
THE BAD Unlike the Nikon and the Pentax, which take after SLRs with the control wheel on top, the Olympus utilizes a single button and unmarked wheel on the back to control almost all the settings. Frustrating.
BOTTOM LINE Skip it unless you want to pull off crazy in-camera trickery using settings like "Pop Art" (makes you look like a Warhol) or "Fisheye" (makes your girlfriend look pregnant—scary).

3

Our Pick

PENTAX X90
$400

THE GOOD This SLR-like shooter throws strikes with simple-to-use controls and a super zoom that packs a 26x lens (up to 676 mm focal length). At full zoom it gave us high-res shots worth going ape-shit for.
THE BAD Fully extended, the camera's long-ass zoom and light weight (15.1 oz.) make it tough to keep stable in the wind—even after a hand-steadying drink. And despite having the best ISO rating of the three (up to 6,400), our low-light shots still suffered.
BOTTOM LINE Use it to grab snaps of a sexy neighbor sunning—five doors down.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE SIMMONS; TEXT, MICHAEL LOCKHART

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER OUMANSKI

STICKS & STONES

When he's not busy at the plate, Rays all-star third baseman **Evan Longoria** is destroying a drum kit.

So you decompress after games by beating the drums?
I practice during the day. At home I have an acoustic kit, and I play along to straight-up rock'n'roll. No noise complaints yet!

When did you first pick up the drumsticks?
Last season. Greg Zaun brought this electronic drum set to the field. I'd get in early and go and play by myself until I could hold a beat. I'm still bad.

So he had it set up in the clubhouse?
Yeah, there's a little storage room hidden in Tropicana Field. There are two guitars and a drum set. We go back there and hang out. We have some bassists but no lead guitarists.

You need your GM to sign a guitar player.
Yeah, I think the Rays need to pick up Kid Rock!

Who would play in your all-star band?
If I'm gonna be on drums, the band's first order of business would be to find another drummer. Tommy Lee would be good.

You'd just fake it?
Yeah, I'd put him behind the curtain, *Wizard of Oz* style.

Do you bring the same focus to the drum kit that you do to the plate?
Not at all, man. Sometimes I realize I suck, and I just give up!

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN LOOMIS

sex

BY GILLIAN TELLING

Some Like It Hot

THERE'S NO TIME LIKE THE SUMMER FOR A ONE-SEASON STAND.

Thanks to muggy weather, long days, and *lots* of mojitos, summer is the perfect time of year for a lusty affair. But summer flings aren't all fun and games. I've had two: one amazing, one a disaster. The amazing one was with a guy who played in a band that was on tour in my hometown; he was only there for a week, so we knew it was all about doing as much as we could with no strings attached. The other was with a foreign exchange student. We hooked up for a few weeks, and then he ended up stalking me for the rest of the summer, when I had absolutely no interest in being his girlfriend (partly because he didn't speak much English).

Still, I've never forgotten ▸▸

Ever see a bike pop its own wheelie?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM CORBETT

either of those guys. Summer flings are always memorable, which is why almost every girl is up for one at some point. But how can you tell if she's looking for a fling or something more? Read on to find out.

PART-TIME LOVERS

Women tend to be more sexually active in the summer, but it's not just because we actually give a crap about shaving our legs again. For a lot of girls, summertime offers the opportunity to lead a double life. "I had a boyfriend my first three years in college," says 29-year-old Camille,* "but when we left school for the summers, it was an unspoken rule that all bets were off. I'd go home and bone my high school ex for two months, and when summer was over, so was that."

Isabel, 27, says all her summer flings also occurred during college breaks, thanks to an accelerated sexual learning curve. "I lost my virginity as a freshman," she says, "so when I came home I was more experienced. It was a prime opportunity to use some of my new skills with guys I'd crushed on in high school but had never had the balls to pursue."

And even once we're out of college, plenty of women are still fling-hungry thanks to beach- or mountain-house time shares and weekend trips that let us leave our work personas behind. "I hang out so much with colleagues that it's tough for me to let loose," says Karen, 31. "But each year I rent a summer house with friends from school, and each year I meet a guy the first weekend who I make mine for the summer. Knowing I'm going to spend the weekends drinking and screwing makes the workweeks fly."

RIPE FOR THE PICKING

Obviously, the best candidates for summer flings are women who'll be going back to wherever it is they came from in September. They're likely to understand the deal—that this arrangement is temporary. But there are other behavioral clues. For example, if she's someone you're going to see regularly all summer, but she still goes for sex right away, she's probably not looking for a boyfriend.

"A few summers ago I was a counselor at a three-week tennis camp, and there was a super-hot instructor," says 25-year-old Angela. "After sending the kids home the first day, I suggested a skinny-dip in the pool. We fooled around underwater and then went to his clubhouse office for a hot, sweaty fuck. When we were done I said, 'Same time tomorrow?' and he winked, and that was it: We'd established our daily routine."

Maggie, 27, used to sleep with a guy she worked with at her summer job waiting tables—until he tried to get cozy. "It was a big seafood-chain place, and he was a busboy. We'd all have drinks every night after closing, and he and I would end up doing it in one of

Giving a whole new meaning to smoking grass.

our cars in the parking lot or in the restaurant bathroom." But when her fling got sweet and asked her on a date, Maggie declined. "That's when I knew to end it," she says. "I'm not sure why he thought we were embarking on a relationship when we were fucking in a supply closet next to the mops."

FROM HOT TO STICKY

If you're lucky enough to have a summer fling on your hands, the last thing you want to do is push her away. So remember: The point is to keep things light and breezy, just like the weather. "I once had a guy I met at the beach pursue me once we were back in the city after the summer," says Sarah, who hits the Jersey Shore every July. "But spending lazy days on the beach with someone is completely different than meeting up for a fancy dinner in business attire. It just made the whole thing seem really routine." In fact, she says, she barely recognized her fling with his glasses and suit on. "Suddenly there was this buttoned-up banker in front of me. I couldn't believe it was the same guy I'd given head to at a bonfire party just a few weeks earlier."

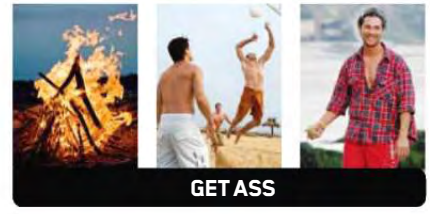
Keep in mind, too, that summer love you're crushing on may not be exactly who she says she is. "I used to make up outrageous lies about myself on summer break," says Sally, a 28-year-old teacher. "One year I decided to put on a British accent when we went out to bars, and I'd tell guys I was just visiting for a few weeks. Being anonymous made me more brazen. Faking it for a few nights a week wasn't that hard—until I'd have a very American-sounding orgasm."

Sometimes, of course, you can't help but develop feelings. Plenty of women have fallen prey to their emotions even when they began an affair with every intention of keeping it quick and simple. So if you sense that your fuck buddy is starting to really get into you, don't be cruel. "After our summer shares ended, I texted this one guy," says Vanessa, 29. "He told me he was moving to London, but I ended up seeing him a month later at a party. When I asked if he was in town for the weekend, he confessed that he'd never moved; he was just too much of a wuss to tell me he didn't want anything."

Truthfully, though, can you blame the guy? No matter how sexy or cool they are, there's something almost embarrassing about seeing summer flings out of context, when they're sporting their real-world selves. Chances are that CPA in her power suit doesn't really want to be reminded that she liked to throw back shots of tequila and go down on you on your boat. So when it comes to wild warm-weather hookups, perhaps it's best to stick to the rules laid out in *Grease*: When it turns colder, that's where it ends. •

HOW TO GET LAID THIS SUMMER

WANNA GET HER ATTENTION? BE SURE IT'S FOR THE RIGHT REASON.



GET ASS

BUILD A GOOD BONFIRE
"I love a man who can prove his outdoor bona fides by making a raging fire. It harks back to something primitive, which is sexy." –Livia, 29

PLAY VOLLEYBALL
"Blame *Top Gun*, but I'll always be turned on by men sweating and grunting on the beach. Unless it's because they're out of shape." –Jana, 30

ROLL YOUR SHIRT-SLEEVES
"I love when dudes turn up the arms of a long-sleeve shirt. It just looks so sexy-casual-cool." –Amy, 28

GET PASSED

COAT YOUR NOSE IN WHITE SUNBLOCK
"I get it: You don't want to burn your nose. Do you have to make yourself look like Mr. Potato Head?" –Anne, 25

FUNNEL BEER
"Know what's not sexy? A dude with a giant tube down his throat. Also, a guy so desperate to get drunk that using a cup isn't an option." –Kelly, 31

BOOGIE BOARD
"I'm down with surfers. But any guy over 15 running into the ocean with a purse-size piece of styrofoam should rethink a few things." –Lissa, 24

*SOME NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED.
STYLING: DON SUMADA/BA-REPS; HAIR: RIAD AZAR USING L'ORÉAL PROFESSIONAL; MAKEUP: JULIE THOMPSON USING DIOR/BA-REPS; JEANS: JOES JEANS.

food

BY MARIA FONTOURA

2
THE SUPPLIES
A lot of tequila and flavored vodka, and not much else.

1
THE CHEF
2009 James Beard Rising Star Award winner Nate Appleman

3
THE RESULT
Beer-toasted nuts, pasta à la Nate, and tequila-spiked ice cream

The Bachelor Fridge Challenge

ONE NEAR-EMPTY REFRIGERATOR, TWO GROWLING STOMACHS, AND THE SMALLEST KITCHEN KNOWN TO MAN: CAN A PROFESSIONAL CHEF COOK A THREE-COURSE MEAL USING ONLY WHAT HE FINDS IN A TYPICAL BACHELOR PAD?

If you've ever opened your refrigerator five times in as many minutes, hoping each time that you'll find something other than mayo, beer, and rotting takeout, you are a bachelor. And if you've ever thought that there is no way this pathetic inventory could ever amount to a meal, then you are a bachelor with a lesson to learn: Your kitchen has more to offer than you think. To prove it we lured Nate Appleman, award-winning chef at upscale New York City pizza mecca Pulino's, to the tiniest, most pathetically stocked kitchen we could find—which happens to belong to two of *Maxim*'s own employees—and asked him to make dinner using only the ingredients and tools he found there, no matter how grisly they looked.

THE BACHELORS

Mike and Colin, both 27, are roommates in New York's East Village, *Maxim* marketing prodigies, and bar-hopping bros-about-town. A typical night for them includes pickup basketball, going out to dinner, and, in the summertime, "gawking at girls on the Lower East Side." It does not include cooking.

"We make two things," says Mike. "Pasta and chicken." The pasta they slather in marinara sauce from a jar; the chicken gets doused in Italian dressing and pan-fried.

"Occasionally," Colin says, "I get adventurous and use different sauces. Anything from BBQ to peanut sauce. Then I pour it over mac and cheese or something delicious like that." Fusion cuisine at its best.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY HANNA

THE KITCHEN

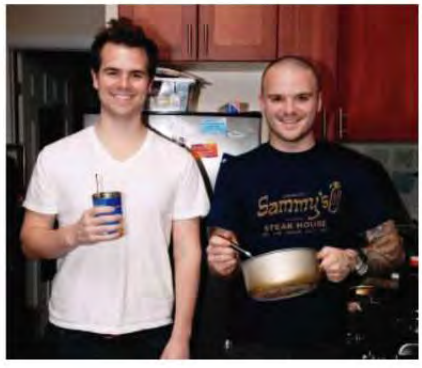
With an 8'x5' area and only five cabinets, one drawer, and about three inches of counter space, it wouldn't be shocking to find *no* food here. Where the hell would they put it?

Appleman's inventory begins inauspiciously. Pulling a plastic tub of prepeeled garlic out of the refrigerator, he pops off the top and boldly goes where no nose has gone in weeks. His face wrinkles. "It's not supposed to be wet," he says. Orange juice, Gatorade, and a half-used jar of pasta sauce all go back onto the shelves. Three staples make the cut: butter, beer, and hot sauce.

Moving to the cabinets, Appleman rummages with intensity, skimming ingredients, reading product names aloud. He studies a can of three-bean salad. "Salad in a can," he says. "That's a first for me."

Clearly, a gourmet meal is not in the bachelors' future. Appleman's goal is simply to make something edible. "At first I was thinking, Oh, shit, I don't know if this is possible," he says. "But I look at it like being on *Lost*—if all I had was Dharma Initiative food, I'd be able to cook it."

After a 20-minute scavenger hunt, a plan is taking shape. Anything promising has made it to an 18"x36" Ikea table, where it waits for its makeover. Pasta shells, peanuts, tequila, a can of tuna, old bananas, a half-eaten pint of Ben & Jerry's... It's a ragtag band of ingredients that the bachelors survey blankly.



Bachelor Mike: 'So wait—you put food in that thing?

"It's amazing what happens when you get wasted and go grocery shopping," Colin says.

THE DINNER

Unlikely as it seems, Appleman is promising an appetizer, entrée, and dessert, all in under 30 minutes. "Magic is about to happen," he says, thrusting what seems like six arms into cabinets and the lone drawer, pulling out saucepans and turning knobs on the stove with the staccato rhythm of a man who's used to cooking under pressure.

The first course will be "spicy beer nuts," a snack to tide the guys over. Appleman drops a few pats of butter into a pan and adds some Worcestershire, hot sauce, and chili powder, then dumps in a bagful of peanuts. Once they're coated, he pours in some Coors Light and cooks it off till all that's left are toasty nuts sticky with spice. Five minutes down and the meal has begun. The bowl is passed to satisfied murmurs and an aside from Mike: "That's gonna light me up."

Next Appleman places two bananas on a rack in the oven, peels still on. In a large spaghetti pot, he gets some water heating on the stove, seasoning it with a few pinches of salt.

"What's that for?" Colin asks. "Flavor?" Under the influence of a master, they're starting to get the hang of things.

Appleman begins slicing the wet garlic—"razor thin," he jokes in a reference to *GoodFellas*, before eyeing the dull blade in his hand. "This isn't even a knife," he says.

As he works, the 31-year-old chef recalls the first meal he ever made, at the age of nine: two tortillas with Monterey jack between them and tomato sauce from a jar on top—not too far off from what Colin and Mike make for themselves. "My mom was a horrible cook," he says, "so it was a lot of trial and error for me."

He's heated the garlic in a few tablespoons of olive oil and poured in a can of cannellini beans, dusting them with dried oregano. He adds a can of diced tomatoes, and after about two minutes—pausing to remove the blackened bananas from the oven—the can of tuna, shimmying the pan and sprinkling salt and olive oil over it occasionally.

When the pasta's been cooked just short of tender, he drains it, saving a cup of the pasta water. "Pasta cooks from the outside in," Appleman says as he dumps the shells into the bean-tomato-tuna mixture, "so you should always finish it in the pan. That way it absorbs all the flavors of the sauce." He pours in some pasta water—the starch will help the sauce adhere—then transfers the pasta to a couple of bowls before adding the final ingredient: Progresso bread crumbs, for crunch. Fifteen more minutes in and dinner is served.

INGREDIENT HIT LIST

KEEP THESE FIVE ITEMS ON HAND, OUR CHEF SAYS, AND YOU'LL NEVER GO HUNGRY.

EGGS
"Even if you overcook 'em, they'll still be fine. Aren't many foods you can say that about."

SALT
"The biggest mistake home cooks make is not using enough."

DRIED CHILI FLAKES
"The one spice to have at all times. It gives everything a nice kick."

GARLIC
"The ultimate flavor booster. It adds life to bland food."

PASTA
"Cook it up with olive oil, chili, and garlic. Find me a girl who doesn't like that."

THE DESSERT

It's unclear why these guys have a box of Domino sugar, but in the future it just might get them laid. Appleman pours about a cup into a saucepan over high heat. "This is how you make caramel." Three heads lean over the saucepan, watching the sugar bubble and turn to an amber goo.

Appleman stirs in a couple of pats of butter and then adds tequila, explaining that you can use pretty much any liquor, but a clear one is your best bet when making a sauce. "If you add something that's been aged in oak, it's gonna taste weird," he says.

After the tequila cooks out, Appleman adds the roasted bananas, which he's peeled and chopped into chunks. He spoons the ice cream into a bowl and the caramel sauce next to it, a luscious mound of sticky sweetness with a slightly tangy tequila sting.

As promised, after about 30 minutes the guys have had a three-course meal prepared for them with only the crap in their cabinets. The lesson? Never admit defeat in the kitchen. "I can't believe Nate was able to cook any of this in a kitchen made for midgets," Mike says. "He made something out of nothing, which inspires me to get my cook on." Caramel sauce over mac and cheese can't be far behind. ●

SET IT AND FORGET IT

MEET EVERY BACHELOR'S MOST IMPORTANT KITCHEN TOOL.

Even if you have no clue how to cook, that's no excuse for not being able to make a meal. According to Chef Appleman, there's one purchase that will guarantee you can feed yourself like a king each night: "I've been experimenting with one-pot meals made in a rice cooker. The mechanics are simple but really extraordinary. It operates by weight, so as soon as the water you've put in has evaporated, it shuts off. And there's very little cleanup afterward." That means as long as you put in the right amount of H_2O, your food will cook perfectly. The best part? You can find one for as little as $20—a small price to pay to upgrade your gastronomic life. To get started, try one of Appleman's own recipes:

Chicken With Rice and Black Beans

- 2 chicken thighs, boneless
- 1½ Tbs. salt
- 1 onion, diced
- 1 cup long-grain rice
- 3 cloves garlic, smashed
- 2 cups water
- 1 Tbs. extra virgin olive oil
- 1 15 oz. can black beans, drained
- 1 Tbs. smoked paprika
- 1 Tbs. ancho chili powder
- 1 tsp. cumin

Put all ingredients in the rice cooker and push *start*.

When the dish is finished cooking, garnish with:

- 1 bunch scallions, thinly sliced
- 1 bunch cilantro, chopped
- 1 avocado, diced
- 1 lime, cut into eighths
- 1 jar salsa

OUT OF THE DOLL HOUSE

PUSSYCAT DOLL AND *DANCING WITH THE STARS* SUPERFOX **NICOLE SCHERZINGER** IS SO SEXY SHE COULD MAKE EVEN THE CHICKEN DANCE SULTRY. STILL WISH YOUR GIRLFRIEND WAS HOT LIKE HER, DON'T CHA?

BY JESSE WILL PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARC BAPTISTE

SHE'LL PROBABLY FORGIVE YOU

for stumbling over her name—just blame it on all those consonants. Truth is, Pussycat Dolls star (and solo artist) Nicole Scherzinger's particular hotitude is the kind that should leave any red-blooded dude dumbstruck. After torching *Dancing With the Stars* (pretend you didn't watch; that's cool), she'll strike again with more hits later this year. Here's hoping we'll see a lot more of this Hawaiian-born stunner. Aloha!

Shimmi Chloe bikini, **Helmut Lang** tee. (previous spread) **L*Space** bikini, **Helen Ficalora** 14K gold bangle, **Chan Luu** gold necklace worn as belly chain.

You killed it on *DWTS*. Are you gonna take your music career in that direction? Maybe bust out the fox trot onstage? A rumba single on your next album?
Hmmm, the fox trot? I don't know about that! But you never know; I do like to mix it up.

Ballroom dancing is a different kind of sexy than the, uh, writhing that goes on when the Pussycats perform.
Yeah, it's definitely more cerebral. Usually I allow the music to take me, so it's been kind of interesting to be like, "One and two, one and two." But I think there's something sexy about a woman who's in control of her body in every way.

But when you're doing your own thing onstage, you completely let yourself go?
Yeah, I transport to another place. I don't know what my body is gonna do. I just listen to what the music tells me and kind of blank out. I turn into a beast.

Say we're in a club. Should a guy dance like there's nobody watching? Would that catch your eye?
Uh, that might scare me. Sometimes guys take it too far when they're dancing. I'd be like, "OK, dude. You need to settle down and have some control."

What's going on with the Pussycat Dolls?
A couple of the girls have left the group, but I'm still the lead singer, and I'm still working on music right now. I think the next single will be under my name.

Your boyfriend is F1 racer Lewis Hamilton, one of the best drivers in the world. What does he think of your skills behind the wheel?
He's more afraid when he's with me and I'm driving than he is during a race. He gives me pointers, but at the end of the day he's like, "Babe, you're driving with your knees!" I'm doing my makeup, changing the radio...I guess it's appropriate that I just did a song with Slash and Alice Cooper called "Baby Can't Drive."

And when Lewis is driving...how fast have you gone?
Let's just say that neither of us would be allowed near a car again if we had been pulled over. It was in Switzerland.

Can you two go anywhere without being noticed?
No. We went to South Africa and saw this head of a tribe wearing an animal he had just killed or something. He was like, "Ahhh! Are you Nicole Scherzinger?" I was like, are you kidding me? How do you know my name? And hearing this German name come out of him—it was amazing!

Got any girl crushes?
Halle Berry. She's just naturally gorgeous...I love her smile. Wait, I sound like a dude; I've got to snap out of it!

You grew up in Louisville, Kentucky and were born in Hawaii. What traditions do you keep?
I'm just a down-home Southern girl. I love making chicken and dumplings and Kentucky Derby pie. And from Hawaii I've got a love of paddle surfing. I love visiting family in both places. See, even if I just talk about my family my dialect changes—I go from a Southern dialect to Hawaiian pidgin.

Your family are strict Catholics. What do they think of your sexed-up lyrics?
My family's been great. My grandfather's a priest, and even he has a huge photo of the Pussycat Dolls framed. But there have been moments. When I first recorded "Don't Cha," I went home and left an uncensored version of the demo in my mom's car. [Editor's note: Lyrics include "I know you should be fucking with me."] I heard about that.

Any hidden talents?
Nunchuck ninja skills. That's all I'm sayin'.

What's the lamest thing we'd find on your iPod?
I'd like to say I don't have lame music. But maybe one of my lamest songs would be one of my own! I have demos on my iPod that are unfinished sketches; some just don't make sense yet.

What music puts you in the mood?
Massive Attack, Marvin Gaye, Robin Thicke, or Prince.

Do you hit the clubs much or stay in?
Honestly, I don't really do the "go out" thing. If I want to get really crazy, I have game night.

So I should come over with a stack of board games?
Yeah. Bring over Balderdash, some Robin Thicke, a bottle of vino, and it's on.

STYLING, ERIN TURON; HAIR, FRANKIE PAYNE USING BUMBLE AND BUMBLE/OPUS BEAUTY; MAKEUP, CARLENE K USING CARLENEK COSMETICS AND SKINCARE MURAD/SELECT ARTIST MANAGEMENT; MANICURE, BETH FRICKE FOR O.P.I.

HOT & HARD TO PRONOUNCE

SAY THEIR NAMES RIGHT OR NEVER SPEAK TO THESE NATURAL BEAUTIES AGAIN.

OLGA KURYLENKO
BOND GIRL
Kur-ee-len-ko

DOUTZEN KROES
VICKI'S SECRET MODEL
Dow-tzen Crew-s

CANDICE SWANEPOEL
VICKI'S SECRET MODEL
Swan-a-pole

AGYNESS DEYN
SUPERMODEL
Dean

EMMANUELLE CHRIQUI
ACTRESS
Shree-kee

EYJAFJALLAJÖKULL
VOLCANO
Hole-ee shee-it

DYE swimwear suit

"There's something sexy about a woman who's in control of her body."

Beach Bunny Hollywood Nights bikini, **Casadei** platform pumps.

BY GAVIN EDWARDS
PHOTOGRAPH BY CHLOE AFTEL

Jack White

The White Stripes' Grammy Award-winning guitar god steps behind the drum kit with his latest band, the Dead Weather. He's also a singer, songwriter, producer, record-label owner, and upholsterer. What *can't* the guy do?

You play guitar with the White Stripes and the Raconteurs but drums with your latest band, the Dead Weather. Do you consider yourself a better guitarist or drummer?
I'm glad I started out on drums—and I actually think my guitar playing is 60 percent drumming. When I was growing up, it always seemed embarrassing to call myself a guitarist. Being a drummer seemed cooler. [Jimi Hendrix Experience drummer] Mitch Mitchell, jazz great Gene Krupa—these people are cool as hell. In the real world, though, drummers get the shaft. It's funny—there are guitar players who are incredible but don't become known for it. Like, why isn't Prince considered one of the greatest guitarists ever?

The new Dead Weather album is called *Sea of Cowards*. Are you ever a coward yourself?
I would put money on no. I have a real chip on my shoulder about always calling someone out when I see cowardice. And on the Web you can't click on a site without seeing cowardice—people hiding in a cubbyhole, not showing their true faces. But I despise it so much, maybe there's a hint of it inside of me.

Was this album easier to make than the first Dead Weather record?
Much easier, just because we actually knew we were making an album. Last year we didn't know what it was; we were just going to make a seven-inch single. I was putting together the White Stripes documentary and box set, and I didn't have the time. A lot of people think I plan all this stuff out, but when art's happening, I don't like to get in the way.

You've also produced *The Ghost Who Walks*, the debut album from your wife, model Karen Elson. Is making an album with your wife good or bad for your relationship?
It's good that she finally played some of her songs for me! I waited a long time—eventually she stopped by the studio and picked up a guitar. That's where you go if you want to talk to me. She's very humble, but once I heard the songs I said we have to record them.

At the beginning of last year's guitar documentary *It Might Get Loud*, you say you want to trick Jimmy Page and the Edge into showing you their secrets. Did you succeed?
Yeah, man, it was all a learning experience. They even filmed us teaching each other songs, and, really, it was ridiculous for me to be teaching anything to Jimmy Page or the Edge. I'm the youngest of 10, and I know better than to show one of my older brothers how to do something.

So what did you teach them?
Not much!

What do your brothers and sisters know about you that most people wouldn't?
There were lots of roles in the family, but at some point everybody was a parent. Except me. It's a funny family. If you don't have a dark sense of humor, you'll get chewed up. Luckily, I like dark humor.

Before the White Stripes took off, you made your living working in an upholstery shop. If you had to repair a couch in your home, would you do it yourself?
I couldn't have for a while there, but now—for the first time in a decade—I would. I just rebuilt my upholstery shop and installed the cutting machine. I also upholstered the walls of my studio.

You have a pretty carefully constructed persona. What's something that people get wrong about you?
People in Detroit used to think I was a control freak. I never understood what that phrase meant. It's not like I get a buzz from telling people what to do. If I have to tell this person to change the reverb, I hate saying it out loud. I'm the guy who reluctantly has to make sure something gets completed. But I was supposed to pretend not to care.

We hear you like to collect taxidermied animals.
I don't have much choice in the matter—I feel like a rescuer, a Humane Society employee. There's a majesty to these animals that I want to preserve; I can't see them looked at in a comedic way. Sometimes people get it wrong, and it's so insulting. They'll buy me a squirrel playing pool or some shit like that.

"I HAVE A WHOLE LIST OF ENEMIES, AND I DON'T WANT TO HAVE ANY!"

Have you ever sabotaged one of your own relationships to have material for a song?
No, I've never been that hard up. I already have too much drama in my life—I have a whole list of enemies, and I don't want to have any! It's easy to say, "It's not my fault," but I know I could never have this much drama without bringing it on myself.

What's the closest you ever came to death?
There've been times. Once I got in a car accident and shattered my finger. A few years ago I didn't feel like being alive. That's all I can say.

What's the most superficial thing about you?
I used to pose for photographs or do interviews and then regret it the second it was over. I felt like I was selling myself short, chopping myself into a sound bite so I could sell a few more tickets. Now I look at it like a gigantic game. At dinner the other night, I took seven different photos with people. Somebody asked me, "How do you stand it?" There was a time, five or six years ago, when I would have told those people to fuck off. But something changed. Is that good or bad?

MAXIM ATLAS ROAD TRIPS 2010

TIME TO CLOCK OUT, CUT LOOSE, AND HIT THE GREAT AMERICAN ROAD. WE'VE MAPPED OUT FIVE EPIC TREKS THAT WILL GET YOU AND YOUR PALS SPIRITUALLY FULFILLED... AND POSSIBLY ARRESTED.

CONTRIBUTORS: STAN HORACZEK, STEVEN LECKART, NICK LEFTLEY, MICHAEL LOCKHART, TIM LOWERY, JOSHUA DAVID STEIN, BASEM WASEF

ILLUSTRATIONS: PETER OUMANSKI

1,904 miles

7 beavers you may hit

OREGON TRAIL 2.0

YOU'VE COMPLETED THE OREGON TRAIL BY HAMMERING SOME KEYS IN THE COMPUTER LAB. NOW'S THE TIME TO STEP UP AND ATTEMPT THE REAL THING—OUR UPDATED TAKE ON THAT HISTORIC PIONEER ROUTE, ANYWAY. GO WEST. JUST BEWARE OF WILD BEASTS AND DYSENTERY!

1 KANSAS CITY, MO
Any frontiersman should know how to use a "thunderstick." Begin your trip by squeezing off practice rounds at the **Parma Woods Shooting Range**.

2 FREMONT, NE (230 miles)
Pioneers forded streams in their slow-ass wagons. Weaksauce! We'd rather scream across the Platte River in a 60 mph, 700 hp beast with **Bryson's Airboat Tours**.

3 ALLIANCE, NE (366 miles)
Every scouting mission requires proof of at least one crazy discovery. This trip's WTF is **Carhenge**, a replica of Stonehenge constructed from 38 cars, including a '62 Caddy.

4 SHAWNEE, WY (150 miles)
Trailblazers hunted buffalo, coyote, and prairie dog. And so can you... at the **Rockin' 7 Ranch**. Trade your pelts for beer, jerky, and Imodium.

5 DUBOIS, WY (274 miles)
One wrong step on a steep road did in many a pioneer. That said, enjoy the 13,700-foot views from **I-287**, entry to Grand Teton National Park.

6 JACKSON HOLE, WY (85 miles)
At **Million Dollar Cowboy Bar**, the 36-ounce rib eye is called the Tomahawk and the ladies are easier to bag than a bison with gimpy legs.

7 ARCO, ID (156 miles)
Throw on a pair of boots before hiking across **Craters of the Moon**, a lava landscape one pioneer called "the Devil's vomit."

8 BOISE, ID (190 miles)
Settlers built big-ass jails like the **Old Idaho Penitentiary**. Be sure to check out the "History of Prison Tattooing" exhibit.

9 WARM SPRINGS, OR (348 miles)
Visit the **Confederated Tribes**: On their reservation you can crash in a teepee, play 18 holes, take a dip in the springs...and hit the casino, of course!

10 PORTLAND, OR (105 miles)
Chug 81 different brews at the **Oregon Brewers Fest** (July 22–25), an annual celebration of American craft suds. On the menu: Stone Sublimely Self-Righteous Ale, which is how you'll feel having survived this cross-country sojourn.

THE RIDE
TOYOTA 4RUNNER TRAIL EDITION

TRAIL SLAYER **A crazy trek over the West's best roads? Rockin'. Leaving those roads to get lost? Even better. While other SUVs have gone soft, Toyota upped the 4Runner's off-road cred with brawn (a dynamic suspension) and brains (a terrain response system). This beast will get you out of almost any mess you've put yourself in (aside from the disaster in your motel room).** $35,700, toyota.com/4runner

KING OF THE ROAD > CAR NUT ADAM CAROLLA'S TOP TRIP TIPS.

THE $1,000 CAR
Look for a 1980s Subaru BRAT. With its backward-facing jump seats, you can pick up hitchhikers without having them inside the cabin. Brotherhood of the road!

THE TICKET
You will get pulled over. Don't deny the infraction or make it sound like it's the cop's fault. Basically this is the same thing a woman wants when you're busted cheating.

THE GEAR
Bring a cigarette-lighter-powered grilled cheese maker, $20, for the Tijuana police and a can of deodorant (spray-on—you will be using it in several areas).

Pork Pilgrimage

YES, YOU CAN GRILL MEAT NORTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE, BUT THAT'S NOT REALLY BARBECUE. CELEBRATE THIS REGIONAL RELIGION BY TAKING A LONG JOURNEY THROUGH THE SOUTH TO HIT THE 10 BEST TEMPLES OF 'CUE IN THE WORLD.

1 AYDEN, NC
East of Raleigh, pit masters like Samuel Jones at **The Skylight Inn** use "everything but the squeal." Jones serves classic eastern Carolina BBQ, a mound of meat made from the entire pig.

2 LEXINGTON, NC (197 miles)
Like all joints west of Raleigh, **Lexington Barbecue** makes its 'cue solely from the shoulders and butts of hogs, served with a vinegar-and-tomato sauce called dip.

3 BARBECUE BREAK!
Hit the thrills of **Dollywood** (Pigeon Forge, TN, 229 miles), which, sadly, don't include Boob Mountain; then drive **US-129** (Robbinsville, NC, 96 miles), with 318 curves in 11 miles. After head for the **Unclaimed Baggage Center** (Scottsboro, AL, 206 miles), a graveyard of lost luggage.

4 DORA, AL (94 miles)
Hit **Leo & Susie's Famous Green Top Bar-B-Que** for Alabama-style 'cue: pork shoulder smoked 12 to 14 hours, then doused in spicy, tomato-based sauce.

5 MEMPHIS, TN (215 miles)
If Memphis is rib mecca, **A&R Bar-B-Q** is its Masjid al-Haram. Get a whole slab of baby-back ribs: After 14 hours over an open pit, it'll fall off the bone and into your mouth.

6 LITTLE ROCK, AR (139 miles)
At the **Capitol Smokehouse & Grill**, the pulled pork's a nod to the East; the beef brisket, a nod to Texas.

7 TYLER, TX (260 miles)
Stanley's Famous Pit Bar-B-Q boasts a sandwich called the **Brother-in-Law:** a butterflied hot link sausage, a slice of cheese, a vinegar-and-molasses sauce, and chopped brisket. Perfect.

8 HUNTSVILLE, TX (140 miles)
The Church of Holy Smoke, a shack next to the New Zion Missionary Baptist Church, serves the best brisket in the state. Worship!

9 DRIFTWOOD, TX (184 miles)
When brisket goes to heaven, it ends up at **The Salt Lick,** where it's bathed in a sweet, smoky sauce, roasted over live oak, and surrounded by 50 virgin sausages.

10 LOCKHART, TX (38 miles)
End your trip where BBQ began: Lockhart. **Smitty's Market** is the heir to the famous Kreuz Market, a legendary smokehouse where slowly smoking brisket and sausage was elevated to a fine art in 1900.

THE RIDE
CADILLAC CTS SPORT-WAGON

RETURN OF THE SHAGGIN' WAGON **Far removed from the hulking ride your dad captained across the country Clark Griswold style, Caddy's sexy new wagon is a knockout, with corner-slaying handling and enough oomph (304 hp) to scare your human cargo. $38,265,** cadillac.com

ROAD TRIP TECH > BEFORE SETTING OUT, STOCK YOUR WAGON WITH INSANELY ESSENTIAL

HTC DROID INCREDIBLE $200 (with contract)
This phone's turn-by-turn navigation nixes the need for a GPS. It can also replace your camera, since it has an 8 mp one built in.

BELKIN TUNECAST AUTO LIVE $80
Employing user data and the iPhone's built-in GPS, this tiny FM transmitter suggests the best station for your iPhone's tunes. So say goodbye to the crappy tape adapter.

EYE-FI CONNECT X2 $50 (4 GB)
This magic memory card automatically uploads images via wi-fi to your computer or the Web, then deletes them when you need space for pictures of exotic regional snack foods.

ROAD TRIPS
1,223 miles
6
times you'll need a shirt

WILD MIDWEST

CRAVING ADVENTURE BUT STUCK IN THE HEARTLAND? YOU DON'T NEED TO HIT THE COAST TO GET AN ADRENALINE SHOT. HOP IN THE CAR AND ROCK THIS LEGENDARY LOOP: A CELEBRATION OF SPEED, THRILLS, BOOZE, AND BALLS.

1 INDIANAPOLIS, IN
Start your trip at the birthplace of speed: **Indianapolis Motor Speedway**. Nab tix for Nascar's Brickyard 400 (July 25) or the Red Bull GP (August 29).

2 BLOOMINGTON, IN (59 miles)
Bike the hills of the cult film *Breaking Away*: Rent a rig at **Revolution Bike & Bean,** then hit the road like a Cutter. Afterward, have lunch at the Subway Jared made famous.

3 BOWLING GREEN, KY (204 miles)
Tour the **Corvette Assembly Plant,** where robots join regular Joes to produce America's sports car. Call in your order, then drive your sweet new ride off the line.

4 LORETTO, KY (90 miles)
Get rid of the shakes at the **Maker's Mark distillery** and peep your favorite bourbons–like the brand-new spicy, woody Maker's 46—as they go from grain to glass to gulp.

5 STANTON, KY (125 miles)
Some of the world's best rock climbs are hidden in Kentucky's **Red River Gorge**. Slay a few of Muir Valley Nature Preserve's 282 routes.

6 HOCKING HILLS, OH (182 miles)
Careen through the sick curves of southern Ohio's **Route 56**. Ford engineers drive down from Dearborn to test prototype Mustangs here.

7 COLUMBUS, OH (50 miles)
Drink your face off in the Arena District, then stumble over to **Huntington Ballpark**: Some say it's the best new ball shed in the States.

8 SANDUSKY, OH (116 miles)
Throw on your best mesh T-shirt and knock off all 15 of **Cedar Point**'s famed coasters.

9 DETROIT, MI (119 miles)
Clamber your way through America's most spelunkable **ruins and abandoned buildings**. We won't tell you how.

10 NEW BUFFALO, MI (214 miles)
Surf Lake Michigan! Make a pilgrimage to the **Third Coast Surf Shop**. A crew of die-hard freshwater shred vets can teach you to tame gnarly three-foot windswells.

11 CHICAGO, IL (64 miles)
Eviscerate your eardrums at **Lollapalooza** (August 6–8). Catch sets by Soundgarden and the Strokes as you toast the end of your trip in a sea of indie-rock cuties.

THESE PROVISIONS.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

× FLIP SLIDE HD $280
Its internal memory holds 12 hours of 720p video, so shoot away, then enjoy your masterpieces on the three-inch touchscreen, or use the HDMI port to see it on an HDTV.

× BAG OF SHINY TRINKETS (prices vary)
Just trust us on this. Should your road trip turn out like *The Road* by Cormac McCarthy, you're going to need something to trade for a couple of raccoon skulls full of drinking water.

THE RIDE
HONDA CR-Z

HOT FOR HYBRID **Sure, hybrids save on fuel—but most of 'em also skimp on fun factor. Enter the CR-Z, a space-capsule-like two-seater intended to give gas/electrics a sporty little kick in the nuts. When the CR-Z hits roads later this summer, it won't be winning any drag races, but it'll be the first U.S. hybrid offered with a six-speed manual tranny, and its electric boost will kick in under hard acceleration to make all its torque available at the fun end—1,000 to 1,500 rpm. $20,000 (est.), honda.com**

weird west coast

FORGET THE USUAL TOURIST TRAPS THAT LINK SEATTLE TO SAN DIEGO. TRIP DOWN THE LEFT COAST THE STRANGE WAY, STOPPING AT UNLIKELY DESTINATIONS THAT SATISFY FRINGE TRAVELERS SEEKING THE BREATHTAKING AND THE BIZARRE.

ROAD TRIPS
1,816 miles
53 cliffs you may drive off of

1 SEATTLE, WA
Observe a moment of silence for Bruce Lee and his offspring Brandon at their **Lake View Cemetery** grave site. Beware of goons striking karate poses.

2 ASTORIA, OR (214 miles)
Dress up as your favorite character and make a pilgrimage to the **Goonies House**. Never say die!

3 PORTLAND, OR (100 miles)
Voodoo Doughnut's house specialty: a choco-man stabbed with a pretzel, oozing blood red jelly.

4 CRATER LAKE, OR (390 miles)
Have an "aha" moment on **Rim Drive,** which traces the caldera of Crater Lake National Park. The cliffs sometimes give way, so hold on.

5 KLAMATH, CA (199 miles)
The **Tour-Thru Tree** is your chance to assert your carbon footprint by driving your car through a damn tree. Just don't bring the Eldorado.

6 SAN FRANCISCO, CA (375 miles)
Go for a self-guided ***Bullitt* tour** through the streets featured in the greatest car chase on film.

7 SILICON VALLEY, CA (39 miles)
Take some two-lane therapy on **Highway 35,** which cuts along the crest of the Santa Cruz Mountains, witness to Timothy Leary's acid-fueled antics.

8 LOS ANGELES, CA (360 miles)
Hit **Jumbo's Clown Room,** the strip club where Courtney Love got her graduate degree in pole dancing.

9 CULVER CITY, CA (10 miles)
The displays at the **Museum of Jurassic Technology** are an ode to the bygone days when museums weren't based on facts or art.

10 SAN DIEGO, CA (129 miles)
For a few days each year, geeks and dweebs rule the Earth. You, too, can finally lose your virginity at **Comic-Con** (July 22–25).

THE RIDE
NISSAN 370Z

NISSAN 370Z There ain't an affordable ride we'd rather tame West Coast twisties in than the super-sharp Zed—in its coupe, drop top, or new 332 hp 40th-anniversary-edition flavors. from $30,410, nissanusa.com/370Z

FIELD GUIDE TO HITCH-HIKERS

BEFORE YOU BLOW BY THEM ON THE ROAD, HAVE SOME FUN IDENTIFYING THESE WAYWARD VAGABONDS.

HE'S 'SHROOMING
Wild eyes, T-shirt that could be either tie-dyed or mud-stained.

LOST FURRY
Checks BlackBerry for address of animal-themed sex party.

BROKE GAMBLER
Ripped-out hair from worrying about beating wife will give him.

JAILBAIT
Tiny skirt + too much makeup + school bag = trouble.

MAD SCIENTIST
Screams, "What year is this? Who's the president??"

2,084 miles
12 hangovers you'll have

NIGHT TRAIN

SINCE JAMES BROWN DIDN'T WRITE A TRAVEL GUIDE, WE DID IT FOR HIM: A TOUR OF NOTEWORTHY ROCK'N'ROLL STOPS ALONG THE EAST COAST INSPIRED BY BROWN'S CITY-BY-CITY SHOUT-OUT IN THE SONG "NIGHT TRAIN"—FROM MIAMI UP TO MONTAUK.*

1 MIAMI, FL
Start your trip at the distinctly unsunny punk bar **Churchill's**. Iggy Pop's a regular.

2 GAINESVILLE, FL (333 miles)
Tour Tom Petty country on **Route 441**. Mentioned in "American Girl," it runs by the University of Florida.

3 MACON, GA (255 miles)
Stop by **The Big House**. The Allman Brothers lived there 1970–73.

4 ATLANTA, GA (84 miles)
Hit the fantastically named strip club **Magic City,** referenced by Hotlanta garage punks Black Lips.

5 AUGUSTA, GA (148 miles)
Trek through the Godfather of Soul's stomping grounds. Snap a pic with the **James Brown Statue**.

6 RALEIGH, NC (295 miles)
Check out an alt-country gig at **Slim's Downtown Distillery**.

7 OUTER BANKS, NC (210 miles)
Pitch a tent at **Cape Hatteras,** then hit the East Coast's best surfing.

8 VIRGINIA BEACH, VA (171 miles)
Loiter in front of **Missy Elliott's** mansion; get a misdemeanor; have rap icon sign it; sell on eBay.

9 WASHINGTON, DC (205 miles)
See a show at **Black Cat** (co-owned by Dave Grohl), a D.C. indie staple since the mid-'90s.

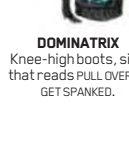
10 ASBURY PARK, NJ (208 miles)
Check out Springsteen favorite **The Stone Pony.** He's joined bands onstage there since the mid-'70s.

11 BROOKLYN, NY (55 miles)
Hit Coney Island for the **Siren Music Festival** (July 17), a day of free top-shelf indie rock, side-show freaks, and weird seaside aromas.

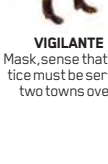
12 MONTAUK, NY (120 miles)
Conclude your trip with a stop at the divey 13-room **Memory Motel,** where Mick Jagger supposedly penned the Stones song of the same name.

*No, we haven't forgotten JB's shout-out to New Orleans! Feel free to tag on that 1,300-mile detour.

ESCAPED CONVICT
Muddy hair, backpack made out of bedsheets.



DOMINATRIX
Knee-high boots, sign that reads PULL OVER TO GET SPANKED.



VIGILANTE
Mask, sense that justice must be served two towns over.

SOB STORY
Frazzled hair, pitiful smile, small children clinging to legs.

EVANGELIST
Pink suit, Bible, enormous sack of money.

THE RIDE: FORD FIESTA

SMARTER CAR

When Ford drops this hotly anticipated compact this summer (yes, we just said that), its drivers will find plenty of reasons to party. The Fiesta brings it with fiesty performance (a 118 hp four-banger that can be tied to a sophisticated dual-clutch automatic), tons of digital smarts (a SYNC'd stereo that can rock Pandora), and fuel economy (40 highway mpg) that rivals even the smarmy Smart Fortwo. U-S-A! U-S-A! from $13,320, fordvehicles.com/2011fiesta

To Die For

On HBO's bloodthirsty smash *True Blood*, real-life princess **Natasha Alam** stars as a stripper. Wanna know if those pole-dancing lessons paid off?

★ ★ ★

By Brekke Fletcher

Photographs by Kayt Jones

TO GET COMPLIMENTARY PHOTOS ON YOUR MOBILE PHONE, TEXT **MAXIM** TO **50501**. STANDARD MESSAGING AND DATA RATES APPLY.

Gucci swimsuit.
(Previous spread) **Chantal Thomass** bra and panties; **Terry Biviano** heels.

★★★
★★★★
★★★★★

In the cold tundra of Uzbekistan,

a Central Asian nation known for...not much, **Natasha Alam** was discovered by a model agent while studying at university. She began traveling the world and married the grandson of the shah of Iran, which made her a princess for life despite their subsequent divorce. Now this royal beauty is set to make TV history as the human who wiggles her way into the not-beating heart of vampire leader Eric (Alexander Skarsgård) on *True Blood*. And after her scintillating debut in the show's new third season, we guarantee you'll be watching, rewatching, downloading, and begging for *True Blood 3D*.

Tell us about your role on *True Blood*.
I'm Yvetta, an Eastern European pole dancer. I audition for Eric's vampire nightclub, Fangtasia, and there's an immediate attraction between us. So out of all the girls there, I get the job. I basically play his love interest on the show.

How was it?
A lot of fun. I had to take some lessons in pole dancing and do some tricks during the shoot.

Um, tricks? Can you elaborate?
I did some spins and some flip-overs, some sexy stuff.

Did you immediately hit it off with Alexander Skarsgård?
The first time we met, during our very first scene, we were getting at it really heavily. He was saying, like,"It's kind of strange for an introduction, standing here naked and doing it." I was so nervous! I've never done anything nude like that.

How did you handle the nerves?
Well, he just walked in, dropped his robe, no socks, nothing! Usually they hide parts with a special nude underwear thing. I'm like, OK, I guess it's not that scary. It gave me a lot of confidence that he was so cool about it and didn't even bother to wear a robe or anything like that.

Have you been back home to Uzbekistan?
No. I would rather have my family come visit me. I do not want to go back, because what's the point? You go there and you feel miserable and you can't wait to leave.

How did you learn to speak English?
When I was in my early 20s and modeling, I had this weird feeling that everyone thought I was stupid. Because when you don't speak the language, you feel very insecure, and you always think people are talking about you. I decided I would learn, so I bought a bunch of American films with subtitles and some books, and I learned English in a couple of months.

Impressive!
You know, when you have a big desire to do something in life, you can speed things up.

STYLING, SHINKO/THE REX AGENCY; HAIR, STEVE MASON USING REDKEN/EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS; MAKEUP, SAMMY M/TRACEY MATTINGLY

THE MAXIM PORN DICTIONARY

THE WORLD OF PORNOGRAPHY IS A CONFUSING (AND FANTASTIC) PLACE. IN ORDER FOR YOU, LOVELY READER, TO BETTER NAVIGATE THE WIDE AND WONDERFUL WORLD OF XXX PREFIXES, WE'VE GONE AND DRAWN UP A HANDY GUIDE TO THE BEST, THE WORST, AND THE DOWNRIGHT WEIRDEST. ENJOY! BY NICK LEFTLEY AND CHRIS WILSON

A

ALT Alt porn mostly consists of small-breasted girls with tattoos looking miserable in a studio apartment. More notable practitioners include Eon McKai, the director behind *Art School Sluts*. They all get effed.

Dirty talk for alt fans: "Fill the cold void of my emotions with your darkness," "Aim for the skull tattoo above my other skull tattoo."

AMPUTEE Acrotomophilia or "stump-pulling" amputee porn scenarios involve a person with one or more missing limbs in otherwise standard sex.

Deep thought: "That ancient question—what is the sound of one hand clapping?—was answered at the annual amputee-porn awards ceremony."

AVATAR Based on the perfectly acceptable premise that, yes, Sigourney Weaver actually did look hotter as a blue, talking cat, *Avatar* porn encourages its fans to imagine a better, penis-haired world.

Hot tip: Blue-ing yourself is a lot more fun with a friend!

C

CARTOON Cartoon porn generally refers to copyright-violating images of popular animated characters depicted in acts of hardcore penetration, often rendered by people with the artistic prowess of a particularly untalented bonobo chimp.

Childhood toons we'd rather not see violated: *Care Bears*, *G.I. Joe*, *101 Dalmatians* (OK, we kind of do want to see that violated).

D

DISASTER The gratuitous use of CGI death and destruction (or real—we're looking at you, CNN), designed to titillate the viewer under the pretense of showing something meaningful. (*See also*, Roland Emmerich, movies of.)

Hot video: Footage of the BP oil leak gushing into the Gulf had more than one disaster-porn fan gushing in his BVDs.

F

FOOD The presentation of high-calorie foods as a substitute for sex. Or the depiction of food during coitus, either as a lubricant (e.g., butter, chocolate, a jar of mayonnaise) or a penetrative item (e.g., cucumbers, bananas, a jar of mayonnaise).

Surprisingly unsexy foods: Passion fruit, Hershey's Kisses, haggis.

FURNITURE "Furnies" get off on stacking furniture in compromising positions and taking pictures of their handiwork. There's chair-on-chair, chair-on-desk, desk-on-desk, and even furniture bondage.

Dinner party greeting: "No, don't sit there. Yeah, you probably shouldn't sit on that, either. You don't gag your credenzas? But they're so naughty."

FURRY "Furries" get sexually aroused by wearing animal costumes; they romp with their critter-suited pals at "confurences" and sometimes have sex in their fuzzy getups. Think of that the next time you rent a Winnie the Pooh costume.

Craigslist ad: "Man in giant squirrel suit seeks fellow woodland creature to share nuts with."

G

GIANTESS Better known as macrophiles, giantess guys are lovers of large (like, Statue of Liberty large) ladies and the cities they crush. Their *Debbie Does Dallas*es are sci-fi flicks such as *Attack of the 50 Ft. Woman*. Imagine being that chick's gyno.

Common sexual injuries: Neck strain, crushed pelvic bone, dislocated jaw, Goliath herpes.

GUN The fetishistic treatment of guns in a manner normally reserved for female porn stars—including, but not limited to, stripping them, oiling them, and inexpertly handling them in a way that might cause them to go off in your face.

NRA chat room talk: "You can have my gun when you take it from my cold, dead hands! Right after I jack it to the opening scene of *Saving Private Ryan*."

M

MIDGET Sometimes you need to take a ticket to Tinytown. Bridget the Midget (above) is one of the adult industry's biggest little stars, and there's a small army of male midget studs whose appearance in any gangbang is sure to make it extra disturbing.

Say to an adult-video clerk: "Do you guys sell lactating midget blow-bang videos? No, not that one, the new one?"

P

PARODY Long a favorite trope of the adult film industry, X-rated remakes of classic TV shows have exploded of late. Recent hits include *Jersey Shore XXX*, *The Erotic Adventures of Dickman & Throbbin*, and *Celebrity Apprentass*.

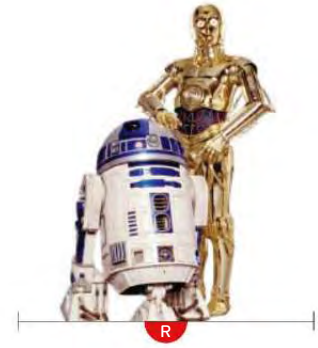
Example of parody porn that we don't want to see: *The Golden Girls: Wrinkled and Ready*.

PEDAL PUMPING Combining every man's love of muscle cars and...shoes, pedal pumpers get their clients off by seductively depressing the gas of a slick ride. The model may struggle with a flooded engine or a sticky gearshift if it gets really kinky.

Famous practitioner: Michelle "Bombshell" McGee, Jesse James' mistress.

PONY PLAY Pony play involves wearing vinyl horse costumes, hooves, bit bridles, harnesses, and saddles, and playing "horsey" while riding your partner around.

Excuse if you get caught wearing a horsetail butt plug: "I must have accidentally sat on it on the bus this morning, honey!"



R

RETRO ROBOT If you've ever fantasized about having a three-way with C-3PO and R2-D2, or yearned to tune up Twiki from the *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century* TV series, plug into this fetish.

The must-have lube: WD-40. It's great for oiling the joints on your *Lost in Space* robot and can be used in lieu of hand lotion to pleasure yourself before its steely visage.

S

SFW The digital equivalent of the mildly racy yet totally wank-worthy Victoria's Secret catalog, SFW porn is an important ingredient of a daily cubicle diet. Examples include paparazzi pics of bikini-clad starlets on sites like Egotastic!

Acceptable work e-mail: "Forget about closing the Johnson account—check out these smokin' hot pics of Bar Refaeli building a sand castle!"

SHOPPING Shopping-porn enthusiasts are followers of YouTube's 110,000-plus "haul videos," which show women in their bedrooms fresh off shopping sprees, dumping bangles from Forever 21 on their beds.

Actual YouTube comments (we aren't making 'em up): "Make a vid about feet care," "Where do you workk? +you are reallllyyyy pretty! no homo."

T

TORTURE Gorno is often used to describe the fetishization of extreme violence, bloody viscera, and guttural screaming in the *Saw* and multiple Eli Roth movies.

Gorno thought process: "It's like that belt sander is my penis, and that guy's bound head is like something to roughly buff with my penis."

TREE Giving new meaning to "getting wood" is the bizarre subset of arborphilia, a sexual attraction to the sexy stumps, thick trunks, seductive bark openings, and beckoning branches of our arboreal buddies.

Tips for arborphiles: Before banging a stump, wrap your willy in a leaf so termites don't crawl in your D-hole. Yes, we learned the hard way.

W

WORLD OF WARCRAFT The *Whorecraft* porn series that features elf-eared maidens copulating with dwarf warriors was forced to rename itself *WhoreLore* when *Warcraft* publisher Blizzard applied legal pressure in 2009. Nerds!

Sample dialogue: "Hail, fair maiden! Did'st thou call for a barbarian to repaireth thy aqueduct? Or perhaps your puppet-cables needeth fixing?"

From Geeks

How a crew of gamers outsmarted everyone to become the new millionaire kings of the poker world.

10 Gangsters

Welcome to Revenge of the Nerds, Vegas style. By Davy Rothbart Photographs by Peter Rad

JUSTIN BONOMO
AGE: 24
TOURNAMENT EARNINGS: $2.42 MILLION

STEVE O'DWYER
AGE: 28
TOURNAMENT EARNINGS: $506,750

DINNER'S FINISHED, AND ISAAC HAXTON, JUSTIN BONOMO, and six of their fellow millionaire friends—the poker galaxy's brightest young stars—are pounding bottles of vintage Tignanello wine at Circo, a $100-per-plate Italian restaurant in the Bellagio, and peering at me with eerie intensity. Their current wager is on how many contacts I can store on my cell phone, and there's a grand on the table. They bid on the answer auction style—"One hundred contacts," "Two hundred," "Two-fifty"—while I stare at my wine glass and, as instructed, try not to tip my hand.

The game is called LoddenThinks, in honor of a Norwegian, somewhat perpetually drunken acquaintance of theirs named Johnny Lodden. When everyone's together at a meal or out drinking, they'll pepper someone—a waitress, a stranger, a reporter from *Maxim*—with questions: How many security cameras are there at the Mirage? What's the total cost of all the liquor behind the bar? The actual answer doesn't matter, only what the Lodden-on-the-spot thinks the answer is. They all crank out bids, and when the last one's placed, everyone puts their money on the over or the under.

Tonight I'm the Lodden. I've spent the past hour under their watchful scrutiny, trying to guess the value of a rotating sculpture hanging from the ceiling, the current temperature in Bangkok, and how many women President Obama has slept with while they place outrageous stakes on what my answers might be.

The bidding on my phone contacts has climbed to 600 before Bonomo calls out, "Under!" Their friend and fellow player, Scott Seiver does, too. The rest of the guys bet the over. Then it's the moment of truth. "How many? How many?" cries their pal Steve O'Dwyer.

"It's an old-school cellie," I say, holding it up for display. "It only allows me to store 500 names." There's a crescendo of shouts, grumbles, and taunts as Bonomo and Seiver collect their winnings.

"I already love you, Davy," says Seiver, the jolliest of the bunch, who's often mistaken for Seth Rogen. "Pay me, bitches!"

The waiter drops off the check—it's $2,070.44. "Pass 'em over, fellas," says Dave Williams. At 30 he's the posse's cagey vet. He collects credit cards from everyone, and I pass him my card, assuming we'll split the bill nine ways. It's not to be. After playfully dogging me for rocking a Discover card—"Hey, is that the Gold one?"—the guys explain the rules of restaurant roulette: After every meal, all the credit cards are shuffled under the table, and then, one by one, positions are called out ("third from the top"). If your card is drawn, you're off the hook. Last card pays the bill. Everyone grins at me, curious to see if I'm going to play. With their messy, stringy hair and wrinkled, ill-fitting dress shirts, they look more like a crew you might see late-night at a Denny's during Comic-Con dithering over who ordered the extra root beer rather than Vegas high rollers letting it ride on a two-grand tab.

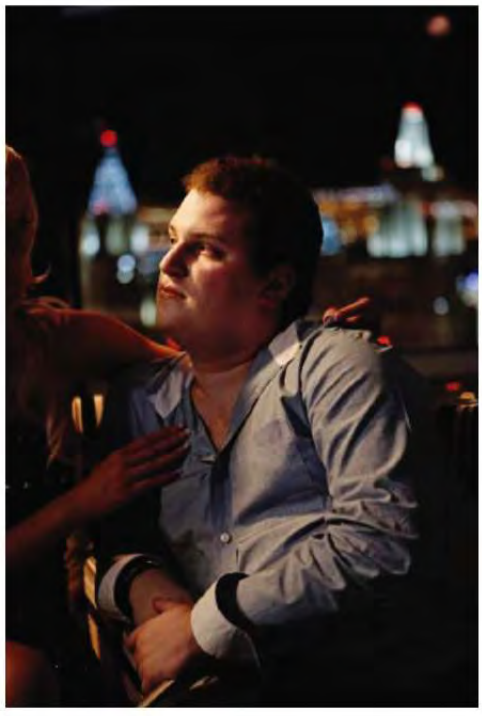
I'm in and instantly begin to reconsider, but it's too late: Williams is shuffling the credit cards while a loose belt squeals in my mind's engine block: Please, God, shit, oh fuck, please pick my card! A position is called, and Williams holds the card high, smiles at me, and says, "Here you go, man," handing over my Discover, and I slump back in my chair, finally exhaling.

Last card standing is Haxton's Platinum Visa. Haxton, 24, who bears an uncanny resemblance in look and erudite friendliness to Harry Potter, doesn't flinch as he grabs his plastic and slides it into the leather-bound check folder and passes 'round the last bottle of wine.

Before we leave the restaurant, the waiter sidles over and explains that a 20 percent tip was automatically added because of the size of our party and that Haxton has, in effect, double-tipped, netting the waiter $800. Haxton waves him off. "No, we're good, man. I meant to," he says. "Great service." Together we head for the parking garage, making our way through the Bellagio's packed, rowdy main-floor acreage—bells ringing, quarters plinking, waitresses delivering rum-and-Cokes and Heinekens. If the guys were basketball stars, they'd be mobbed, but no fans ask for pictures and no girls rush over, phone numbers in hand; in fact, girls don't even notice them. They are the most successful gamblers in the room yet draped in an aura of anonymity. They could be a debate team from Earlham College or coworkers at an Internet start-up in St. Paul. They fade into the background.

HAXTON, BONOMO, AND ALL THE MEMBERS OF THEIR CREW OCCUPY the million-dollar condos in a trio of luxury high-rises called Panorama Towers, which overlook the entire Las Vegas Strip. The Towers have

SHOT ON LOCATION AT ARIA HOTEL AND CASINO



SCOTT SEIVER
AGE: 24
TOURNAMENT EARNINGS: $2.1 MILLION

ISAAC HAXTON
AGE: 24
TOURNAMENT EARNINGS: $2.6 MILLION

become a sort of Hogwarts School for young poker stars, and it's hard to kick it on one of their penthouse balconies with a tumbler of aged Pappy Van Winkle's bourbon in your hand, gazing down at the Strip's neon glitz, without feeling like you *own this fucking city*. But a decade ago, before any of these guys drove Bentleys or dropped two grand on dinner or bet thousands of dollars on how many women I think President Obama has slept with, each of them was in a dark, dank basement in Dallas, suburban D.C., or upstate New York, crouched with a pack of other awkward middle-schoolers, playing the game Magic: The Gathering.

Played with a set of collectible cards, Magic is essentially a math-heavy poker game with a Dungeons & Dragons flavor, and in the late '90s its combination of fantasy-speak, strategic bluffing, and hardcore algorithms attracted, let's say, a particular brand of teenage outcast with a competitive streak. In recent years several top Magic players have graduated to poker and are making bank. Haxton and Bonomo are this world's rock stars, icons of the geek-to-gangster movement.

Haxton has dark hair and thick-rimmed Clark Kent glasses, and when you ask him a question he says "yes" instead of "yeah." A Magic star in his hometown of Syracuse, he was bitten by the poker bug as a freshman at Brown. By his junior year he was clocking seven hours a day online or at the casinos. In the summer before his senior year, he sat down his parents and told them he was taking a year off to play online and tournament poker full-time; his goal was to make a million dollars in 12 months. He did it in three.

How do you spend your days if you're 24 years old and making buckets of cake playing poker? The morning after our dinner at Circo, Haxton sleeps in till 11, sips tea with his girlfriend, Zoe, whom he met at Brown, reads 50 pages of a Michael Pollan book, and zips to the gym downstairs for a workout with his personal trainer. Finally, midafternoon, he settles into his desk chair, powers up his computer and its two massive flat-screen monitors, logs on, and gets to work.

While the boys do play the big-stakes table tournaments you see on TV, the bulk of their earnings are ground out, day after day, on smaller-pot games online. This afternoon Haxton plays nine to 12 $25/$50 no-limit poker tables at once and keeps a few other windows open to trade instant messages with Bonomo and Seiver and track their games as well. Even if you've kicked up dust online or at a few poker tournaments yourself, it's still dizzying to follow Haxton's action—cards scurry across the virtual tables, stacks of chips build and deplete, and pots of 20 to 30 grand lurch to life in minutes and vanish with a click. Haxton leans forward in his chair, sweeping and thumbing his joystick-style mouse. He chortles to himself, frowns, grins, and pumps up the music in his headphones—Hot Chip, then Dead Kennedys, then Eminem.

A message pops up from Bonomo; he's spotted a whale (a civilian player with deep pockets) at a $100/$200 table. Haxton follows him to a $500/$1,000 table—these are the highest stakes you'll see in online No-Limit Hold 'Em, with pots topping $60K regularly. Some whales have game, but they don't have the world-class skills to win regularly against pros of Haxton's caliber. Haxton plays under the screen name LuvTheWNBA, chosen specifically to sound amateur and loutish and prevent spooking whales. Still, poker is a game of chance, and on any given day a great player can lose to a good player, and this looks to be one of those days. Within an hour Haxton is down 40 grand, and his opponent has the wisdom to split while the going's good.

MEANWHILE, IN PANORAMA'S NORTH TOWER , BONOMO IS GEARING UP TO fend off some more poker adversaries of his own. While many of his friends are shaped like either Laurel or Hardy, Bonomo's got an athletic build, and the gel he adds to spike up his sandy-colored hair gives him the look of a snowboarder. Something to know about Bonomo: He dreams of being immortal—not immortalized by name, but actually immortal, like a vampire. Other things to know: Bonomo grew up in Fairfax, Virginia, spent one semester majoring in math at University of Maryland, and, like Haxton, dropped out to pursue a poker career; he's won $2.4 million in tournaments in the three years since. He says he's "a total dork" but has dated several of the hottest girls in the poker universe: His current girlfriend, Heather, is a sweet, young, blonde model who loves electronic music and rocks the kind of floppy, stuffed-animal backpack you see on teenage ravers. Bonomo's never won a World Series of Poker bracelet (Seiver has one) and casually downplays its

STYLING, CHRISTIE MOELLER; HAIR, KIMBERLI LOPEZ/ONE LUV AGENCY; MAKEUP, WHITNEY URICHUK USING MAC COSMETICS/ONE LUV AGENCY

significance, though his friends say he badly wants one. It is, after all, the championship ring of poker. Last year he gave 7-1 odds that someone from Panorama Towers would win a WSOP bracelet, risking about $100,000; a neighbor of his came through with two bracelets, and Bonomo won big.

Bonomo fires up a half-dozen mid-stakes $25/$50 games online. He has a teacher's patience: As he calmly banks thousands upon thousands of dollars, he explains tiny morsels of game strategy to me—"Poker is less about psychology than you'd think and more about math"—and even takes a half-hour break from playing to chime in on some threads on his favorite online-poker forums. Bonomo has established a reputation as one of the brightest minds in poker, and most of Panorama's top-notch players regularly seek out his advice.

He opens a window with one of Haxton's high-stakes games and watches his friend play live. Haxton, Bonomo, and Seiver all have a piece of each other's action and work as a syndicate to hedge their wins and losses. Bonomo might lose 50 grand one day, but if Seiver's up 70, they all come out ahead. The strategy is working. The three collectively have racked up more than $7.1 million.

BY 8 P.M. BONOMO IS TRADING IM'S WITH HAXTON AND SEIVER ABOUT poker strategy and game theory, and it's not long before they burst through his door to hash things out in person. The three of them crunch numbers, laugh at the idiosyncratic play of some of their online opponents, and hotly debate what the best course of action would have been for a standout hand Bonomo played in a live tournament two weeks before. "Chess has been around for centuries," Bonomo explains. "Its strategies are complicated but have largely been solved. Poker, though, is a brand-new game. It's billions of times more complex. We're just starting to figure out how it works."

Before long it's time for dinner. The crew assembles, and they all head for a new Korean barbecue joint. At dinner Seiver reports 80 grand in losses for the day, while Bonomo's up 30. There's some drinking, then a few rounds of LoddenThinks, and finally some discussion of what to do for the rest of the night. It's a Friday, and there are a few options on the table: Some friends are headed over to the Spearmint Rhino, Vegas' swankiest strip joint; a VIP room is available to them at a club at the Venetian; also, apparently, the Situation (from *Jersey Shore*) is in town and hoping to play cards with them at the poker room of the Bellagio.

Drinking and partying the night away with the reality-TV star of the moment holds a modest allure, but poker can be boring when you're playing at a single table with rookies, and ultimately the idea of playing board games back at Bonomo's apartment has greater appeal. Who needs the Situation when you've got Catch Phrase? At Haxton's we sip beer and whiskey, smoke doobies, and play board games until 5 A.M. It's like college, except the dorm rooms are the size of Uday and Qusay Hussein's palaces.

Seiver and I slap hands after our team wins a round, and I wonder: How can he be so upbeat after losing $80K in a single afternoon? Haxton explains: "It's not about winning money; it's about winning the game. We'll come out on top. We always do." The more time I spend with them, the more it starts to make sense to me: These guys are gamers, not gamblers. They never play slots or blackjack; they'd rather play Cranium.

The drive to win contests of skill and intellect started back in middle school, when Haxton was the longhaired outcast and Bonomo was the kid with severe acne who ached to fit in. You remember these kinds of guys: They were the bully bait; they read the *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* and got stuffed into lockers. While they struggled in gym class and couldn't find girls to take to the prom, Haxton and Bonomo each discovered that in the world of games they were king, that here brain power determines hierarchy. "Playing Magic, I was in control," says Bonomo. "I loved playing, and I was good at it."

The next night we're out with the whole crew at Moon, a nightclub at the Palms, 55 stories above the city. The guys are on the balcony downing tequila shots and telling tales of their friend Vivek Rajkumar, who, like many of their crew, is a poker genius who's won millions yet is clueless about the everyday, which makes him an unpredictable Lodden. Haxton once asked Rajkumar, "At what temperature do you cook a frozen pizza?" Rajkumar: "A hundred degrees?" The memory of it sparks huge, raucous laughter, drawing the flirty eyes of a few hot drunk girls in miniskirts up to there, but the guys are oblivious. They start another LoddenThinks and are deep in gaming mode.

ON MY LAST DAY IN VEGAS, HAXTON AND I HEAD outside of town to Red Rock State Park to climb Turtlehead Peak. Haxton admits it's his first nature trip since the eighth grade, and when we pull into the trailhead lot, he sifts through 12 bottles (yes, 12) of sunblock that Zoe packed in his bag. The climb's a rigorous ascent, but Haxton's work in the gym is paying off, and he leads the way.

Hiking along the ridgeline, Haxton's explaining to me how quickly the game of poker evolves. Today the game is No-Limit Texas Hold 'Em. But in the past few days an online variation called Rush Poker has been sweeping the poker sites. It works like this: Instead of sitting at the same virtual table for hours with the same opponents, you're with hundreds of players, and as soon as you fold a hand, you're instantly dealt a new one at another table. Haxton and Bonomo are calling it "poker crack." "The game will keep changing," says Haxton, "but with Justin [Bonomo] and Scott [Seiver] and the rest of our guys, we'll always be ready for battle, whether online or at tournaments. Figuring it out is the fun part."

At last, close to dusk, we reach Turtlehead's summit. To one side, a series of staggered, red, snow-covered peaks; to the other, the green-brown carpet of the Las Vegas Valley, lit at its far edge by the Strip's neon glow, like a child's fanciful toy forgotten in the far reaches of the backyard on a late summer evening. The spires of Panorama Towers poke high above the fray, and beyond, the cool sands of the Mojave Desert stretch toward California's mountains.

Haxton pops a handful of wasabi nuts into his mouth and soaks in the scenery, suddenly reflective, like a prince admiring the kingdom he'll one day inherit. "I wonder how far you can see from up here," he says. "I mean, how many miles away are those peaks? Hey, that's a good LoddenThinks."

We sit in silence as the sky turns orange, then purple. A look of calm determination has shaded Haxton's face. Who knew all those long, strange nights flipping Magic cards in his friends' basements back in Syracuse would one day lead to this? Sometimes in life, justice is rapturously served.

Somewhere far below, surely, at one of the Strip's seedier casinos, Haxton's high school tormentors are crapping out on slot machines or at the roulette table and hoping they can squeeze a few twenties out of the ATM to hit a buffet. Meanwhile, a nerd millionaire gazes out from the mountaintop and contemplates the future. If poker crack is what's in store for Vegas, Haxton will soon be its Nino Brown. The fun is just beginning.

THE TELLS

JOE NAVARRO, a former FBI special agent turned instructor of nonverbal communications to execs and poker players, teaches you the subtle art of spotting the tells. Let the paranoia begin!

THE RED NECK
The move: Rubs neck.
The tell: Stressed. Probably doesn't have the cards.

THE DIAPER
The move: Handles hole cards with thumb, middle finger.
The tell: Cards stink.

THE NO THUMBS
The move: Hides thumbs.
The tell: Insecure. "Roger Clemens hid his thumbs when he took the oath over steroids. I'm just saying," says Navarro.

THE CONQUEROR
The move: Arms, or elbows, way out.
The tell: Confident, claiming territory. Watch out.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER SUCHESKI

Cocktails perfect for summer entertaining.

Patrón Pomegranate

1 oz. Patrón Silver
1/4 oz. Patrón Citrónge
Fresh pomegranate juice
Lemon squeeze

Pour Patrón Silver and Patrón Citrónge over ice. Add fresh pomegranate juice to taste. Finish with a squeeze of lemon. Garnish with an orange twist.

Patrón Grapefruit

1 oz. Patrón Silver
1/4 oz. Patrón Citrónge
Fresh grapefruit juice
Splash of club soda

Pour Patrón Silver and Patrón Citrónge over ice. Add fresh grapefruit juice. Top off with a splash of club soda. Garnish with grapefruit peel and lime.

Patrón Pineapple

1 oz. Patrón Silver
1/4 oz. Patrón Citrónge
Fresh pineapple juice
Lime squeeze

Pour Patrón Silver and Patrón Citrónge over ice. Add fresh pineapple juice. Finish with a squeeze of lime. Garnish with a slice of lime.

Learn the perfect mix:
patrontequila.com/cocktails

SIMPLY PERFECT.

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When she bared her killer bod and kicked Arnold's ass as a super-sexy robot in *Terminator 3: Rise of the Machines,* Kristanna Loken secured her status as a fanboy-approved mega-babe. We talked to the bombshell about her gritty new film, *Darfur*, which is about the ongoing bloodshed in Africa, and other less genocide-y things.

Are you still recognized as T-X?
Terminator is my biggest film, and I still get fan mail for it, but people recognize me for lots of things. *The L Word* has a huge following, so I get that a lot.

Tell us about your latest, *Darfur.*
That was a real blood, sweat, and tears project. The movie is brutal, and it's all based on actual events. It was an interesting style of working, because we didn't have a script, just a 30- page treatment.

Was making up your own lines more difficult than acting without any, like in *Terminator*?
It was different. I spent a month beforehand boning up on the crisis. For *Terminator* it was more of a physical challenge... I put on 15 pounds of muscle and changed my body type.

What do you remember from your time with the Governator?
He could never get my name right, even after I'd spent lots of time with him. I don't think he called me the same thing twice!

You're starring as Hottessa in the upcoming *National Lampoon's The Legend of Awesomest Maximus.* Is that a tribute to our magazine?
No, sadly. It's a broad comedy, a spoof movie. I'm also working on an action film called *S.W.A.T.: Fire Fight*. I play Robert Patrick's ex-girlfriend, and we get caught in a hostage situation. It'll be a neat thing for *Terminator* fans to see me and the T-1000 working together in a different capacity.

This is your second appearance in *Maxim.* How was the shoot this time around?
I think your readers will enjoy the shots, let's put it that way.

XXX XXXX XXXX XX

Loco For Loken

FOXY FORMER TERMINATRIX **Kristanna Loken**
RETURNS WITH THREE VERY DIFFERENT NEW FLICKS.
DON'T WORRY, SHE'S RIDICULOUSLY SEXY IN ALL OF THEM.

BY STEPHANIE RADVAN ● PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE SHAW

THE HORROR OF HORRORCORE

THE 60TH CLOWN MAKEUP IS FUNNY ON SNL. BUT THE HORRORCORE SCENE ISN'T ABOUT LAUGHS—IT'S ABOUT DISPOSSESSED KIDS LOOKING FOR ACCEPTANCE, AND FINDING A PLACE TO VENT THEIR RAGE.

IT'S ALSO SOMETHING MORE—A PETRI DISH OF VIOLENT BEHAVIOR. AND EVEN BEFORE TWO-BIT RAPPER "SYKO SAM" MCCROSKEY LEFT BEHIND A TRAIL OF BLOODSHED, THE WARNINGS WERE THERE IN HIS SONGS...

"I KILL PEOPLE FOR REAL"

BY FRANK OWEN
PHOTOGRAPH BY DAN WINTERS

SICK TANICK THA SOULESS (LEFT) AND RAZAKEL HIRED SYKO SAM AT SERIAL KILLW RECORDS, WHERE HE MET HIS VICTIMS.

SAM

SAM McCROSKEY HAD A PRESSING PROBLEM: What should he do about the decaying bodies?

It was the early hours of Friday morning, September 18, another two days before the chubby 20-year-old was due to catch a plane home to Castro Valley, California, and the stink of rotting flesh in the gray two-story house with the red shutters at 505 First Avenue was becoming too much to bear.

Around the entrance to the ground-floor bedroom—the source of the intense fumes—flies were buzzing. Inside, Sam's girlfriend, 16-year-old Emma Niederbrock, a.k.a. Rag Doll; her 18-year-old friend Melanie Wells, a.k.a. Ms. Free Abortions; and Emma's mother, Debra Kelley, a criminal justice professor at the local university, lay bludgeoned and bloated beyond recognition.

Upstairs there was another body, Emma's father, Mark Niederbrock. A Presbyterian pastor, his corpse was cold as a stone and stiff to the touch, but it hadn't yet started to stink. He was killed Thursday afternoon, a couple of days after the women, though in the same blunt-force manner: a hammer to the head.

Sam was tired. He hadn't slept or taken a shower in days. He was still wearing the same black hooded sweatshirt he'd arrived in more than a week ago, when Emma and her mother had picked him up from Richmond International Airport in eastern Virginia. For some reason he felt the overwhelming urge to confess to someone. So he picked up the phone, called a friend, and blurted out, "Everybody's dead. I'm going to kill myself too," before hanging up in tears.

Disposing of the bodies was the natural next step, but it would be difficult to get rid of four corpses in the small rural community of Farmville, Virginia without someone spotting him. Sam even considered turning himself in to the local police, and made a halfhearted attempt to do so when he phoned the station around midnight to complain about strange noises coming from the basement of the house. The cops arrived to check it out, but left after finding nothing wrong.

In his fantasy life at least, Sam was used to getting away with murder. A high school dropout, he'd found acceptance working for the horrorcore rap label Serial Killin Records and its charismatic founder, SickTanicK Tha Souless. Most people knew Sam by his online moniker, Lil Demon Dog. But about three months prior to the murders, he adopted the name Syko Sam and began a career as a horrorcore artist in his own right, rapping about killing sprees. In one video he posted on YouTube, "I Kill People for Real," a masked Sam held an ax and rapped, "Last night I was in a murderous rage. Now I gotta get rid of the bodies before the corpses start to get to rotting."

But this was different. Rapping about gory shit was one thing; that's what horrorcore music was all about. It was entertainment, like the *Friday the 13th* movies or Freddy Krueger. Actually doing gory shit was something else altogether.

Sam knew that a threshold had been crossed, that he had broken the ultimate taboo, and there was no going back.

WHAT HAPPENED IN FARMVILLE WAS NOT AN ISOLATED INCIDENT. Just days before, police claim, four Juggalos—fans of the best-known horrorcore act, Insane Clown Posse—beat a fellow Juggalo to death with a baseball bat in Pennsylvania. They suspected he had ratted them out to the local cops over a vandalism charge. Less than a month later, in Mont Vernon, New Hampshire, another group of horrorcore devotees chose a house at random and purportedly hacked a sleeping woman to death with a machete. Luckily, the woman's 11-year-old daughter survived the brutal attack.

Shocking crimes are nothing new on this scene. As far back as 2002, horrorcore rapper Big Lurch murdered a friend's girlfriend while on PCP. He then tore open her chest and ate the woman's lung. All in all, at least 20 murders have been linked to the scene.

Ever since the dawn of rock'n'roll, critics have been linking music to crime, from the Manson Family's "Helter Skelter"–fueled killing spree in the '60s to alleged heavy-metal-inspired suicides in the '80s. Insane Clown Posse's Violent J addressed the issue in a recent interview, saying, "If any of our fans kill anybody, please don't buy any more of our records. Get out of our lives. You're a sicko."

Indeed, for the vast majority of horrorcore fans, it's a harmless outlet, no more dangerous than watching a slasher flick at the local multiplex. "We are like a big family," says 29-year-old Mario "Mars" Delgado, a rapper and radio DJ who is the nearest thing the movement has to a spokesman. "People who are attracted to horrorcore are the outcasts who come from broken families or who were picked on in school. It gives them an opportunity to be part of something. When we get together, there are no fights or violence amongst us."

Mars cites as evidence the Gathering of the Juggalos, an annual festival organized by Insane Clown Posse's label, Psychopathic Records. Last year's gathering at a campground in rural Illinois attracted close to 20,000 mud-spattered, face-painted fans. The event passed largely without incident.

Thanks in part to the violence, horrorcore is having a moment. This spring the Insane Clown Posse video "Miracles" became a viral sensation, *Law & Order* did an episode based on the Farmville murders, and *Saturday Night Live* now has a recurring sketch parodying the Juggalos. "Horrorcore is bigger than most people think," says Mars. "We have our own record labels. We have our own clothing companies. We have our own Web sites. We have our own history."

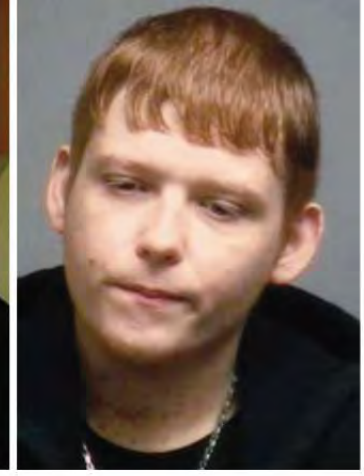
The term *horrorcore* was coined by Jamal Simmons (nephew of Def Jam cofounder Russell Simmons), who led the group the Flatlinerz in the early 1990s. Next came the Gravediggaz, featuring producer Prince Paul and RZA from the Wu-Tang Clan, who scored a hit with "1-800-Suicide." But horrorcore never gained much traction until it left behind its inner-city roots and became the province of disaffected white rural and suburban teenagers. Derided by critics and ignored by mainstream radio and record labels, the music nevertheless has become one of the most popular genres in the underground music scene. Today acts like Twiztid routinely make the *Billboard* charts, and the Insane Clown Posse—an act formerly best known for a feud with Eminem—pulls in an estimated $10 million a year.

"EVERYBODY'S DEAD." SAM CONFESSED TO HIS FRIEND. "I'M GOING TO KILL MYSELF TOO."

"What we're doing is mere entertainment," says Mars. "If someone takes what is just entertainment and does something crazy in real life, something was wrong with them beforehand."

Case in point: one Sam McCroskey. Mars knew Sam, though not very well. Sam had attended a few of his shows, and Mars had signed autographs for him. "He seemed like a normal kid," Mars says. But his assistant became worried when Sam told her he wanted to kill Mars and store his body in a closet.

"I hate to say this, but cases like Sam's bring attention to horrorcore," says Mars. "They're not good news by any means, but they bring new fans to the genre."



L-R: EMMA NIEDERBROCK, MELANIE WELLS, AND RAZAKEL AFTER THE STRICTLY FOR THE WICKED FESTIVAL. NIEDERBROCK AND WELLS WOULD BE DEAD WITHIN DAYS; "SYKO SAM" MCCROSKEY IN HIS MUG SHOT.

AT ABOUT THE SAME TIME Sam McCroskey was sitting in the house of horrors in Farmville, Virginia, on the other side of the country—in Albuquerque, New Mexico—Andres Shrim, a.k.a. SickTanicK Tha Souless, received a phone call from Sam's friend, who repeated Sam's confession.

"No fucking way," said SickTanicK. His label, Serial Killin Records, which specializes in songs about murder, torture, and rape, hired Sam to design its Web site. Sam, like Emma and Melanie, was an "Unholy Apostle," the name Sick gives to the members of SKR's street team. In fact, it was through their work with SKR that Sam and Emma first got to know each other.

Sick thought the call was a joke. A horrorcore rapper as well as label boss, he knew well the twisted individuals who make up the scene. He also knew they liked to play fucked-up pranks on each other.

But the friend—who wishes to remain anonymous—assured him Sam wasn't kidding: "No, man, he's serious. They're all dead, and Sam says he killed them."

The story didn't make sense. Sam was a pushover. A boyish 20-year-old who stood 5'9" and sported a Caesar-style haircut that made him look like a gothy, red-headed version of Jim Carrey in *Dumb & Dumber*, Sam was the last person Sick imagined would commit such a grisly crime. He was passive to the point of being a wimp, and he was so timid with girls that Sick's girlfriend, Razakel, actually thought he might be gay. Sure, he was a little warped—he liked to IM friends with messages such as, "I just want to stab you to death and play around in your blood"—but on this scene who wasn't?

The last time Sick saw Sam was the previous weekend at the Strictly for the Wicked festival in Michigan. Sam seemed fine. He was happy to have finally hooked up with Emma, a pretty and vibrant young girl with bright pink hair, after a monthlong online courtship. Emma's parents had driven Sam, Emma, and her friend Melanie 600 miles to the concert outside of Detroit, staying in a Motel 6 with them on Saturday to make sure they were safe, then driving them back to Farmville on Sunday.

Sick remembered standing on a balcony with Sam at the hotel drinking sodas together. He noticed Sam's neck was covered with bruises, as if a vampire had nibbled on it.

"Damn. Did Emma attack you or what?"

Sam just giggled.

The festival, which SickTanicK organizes every year, had gone off without a hitch. Thirty bands—with names like Dismembered Fetus, Phrozen Body Boy, and Insane Poetry—played to 350 paying customers who had traveled from all over the country. There wasn't even a hint of trouble. Nobody saw what was going to happen next.

SickTanicK had been trying to track Sam down ever since Melanie's mom, Kathleen Wells, had called Razakel in a panic 24 hours earlier. Melanie was a hyperactive teenager with long black hair who'd recently dropped out of high school. She listed her interests on her MySpace page as "blood and gore, open graves, dead people" and claimed to be a follower of Anton LaVey, the late founder of the Church of Satan. When her father, Thomas Wells, drove from their Inwood, West Virginia home to pick Melanie up at Emma's, the house seemed empty. After waiting for seven hours outside in the 80-degree heat to see if anybody turned up, he eventually drove home without his daughter.

Eager to calm down Melanie's worried parents, who hadn't heard from their daughter in several days, Sick called Sam's phone. His call went straight to voice mail. "What the fuck is going on, dawg? You need to call me ASAP."

Maybe they'd gotten into a car crash and were at the hospital. Or maybe Emma and Melanie had run away with Sam. The last thing that crossed SickTanicK's mind was that Sam might have slaughtered everybody. That is, until Sam's friend called.

In the meantime Razakel, herself the daughter of ministers, called Emma's father, whom she'd spoken to before about Emma's interest in horrorcore. Razakel thought Emma's dad was cool, especially for a Bible-thumper. Mark Niederbrock didn't necessarily approve of his daughter's taste in music, but unlike many horrorcore kids who are products of broken homes, Emma grew up in a warm and loving family. Even though Emma's parents were estranged and lived in separate parts of town, they often did things together to please her. Razakel asked Mr. Niederbrock to go and check out his wife's house, and he promised to "call when I get there."

That was the last time anybody ever heard from Emma's dad.

IT WAS ABOUT FOUR IN THE MORNING when Sam made his escape. The air was breezy, the night humid and cloudy. He crept out of the house, jumped into a Honda parked outside, started the engine, and headed toward Richmond International Airport, about 40 miles away.

Sam tried his best to concentrate on steering the car, but it was difficult. It's anyone's guess what sort of thoughts were flashing through his mind as he drove down the narrow country road: terrible images of the crime scene; his future, which would likely be in prison; his troubled life back in Castro Valley.

In high school Sam had been a poor student who was bullied because of his weight and red hair, but he never fought back and eventually dropped out. His sister said Sam lacked confidence and had trouble expressing his emotions. His parents fought with each other a lot, and it was almost a relief when his mother finally moved out about a year before.

When he was younger, Sam enjoyed sports, mainly running and karate. But all that changed when he discovered horrorcore. It was like an extended family of outcasts, and in a way it saved his life. The music was an emotional outlet, a way of channeling those feelings of rage and alienation he was unable to express otherwise.

Sam spent practically every waking hour on his computer making music and chatting with other horrorcore fans. The online world was his refuge, a "reality" far superior to the real world he was forced to inhabit. He didn't have any true friends in his neighborhood, but he was popular online.

Half-asleep, Sam snapped back to reality when the car ran into a ditch on a remote stretch about five miles outside of Farmville.

A passing motorist reported a suspicious vehicle, and two sheriff's deputies arrived to investigate. They didn't notice anything strange about Sam's demeanor; he didn't appear drunk or disoriented. He told the deputies the car belonged to his girlfriend's father and didn't protest when the deputies told him that because he didn't have a license, the car had to be impounded. Still, the vehicle hadn't been reported stolen, and police said they didn't grasp until later in the day that they had allowed a soon-to-be wanted killer to go free.

A tow truck was called, and after the driver pulled the car from the ditch, he offered Sam a lift. During the ride the two made small talk. Sam seemed like a normal kid, apart from the powerful stench that clung to his clothes. He smelled bad, like five-day-old road kill.

After being dropped off at the Sheetz convenience store in Farmville, Sam walked down the street to the Huddle House restaurant, where he ordered a BBQ sandwich and an energy drink. He needed a boost. The waiter who served him noticed the dark circles under his eyes. When the waiter asked why he was in town, Sam replied, "I had to take care of some business."

Around 8:20 A.M., a taxi pulled up in front of the Huddle House to take Sam to the airport. The trip took about an hour, and during the journey Sam chatted amiably with the driver. He told him about Emma, how her parents had taken them to the music festival in Michigan and how on the way back he'd discovered a text message on her cell phone from a secret admirer. Emma was furious at Sam for invading her privacy. Sam said he didn't want to get into a fight, so he waited until Emma fell asleep and then left the house.

Sam arrived at the airport about 9:30 A.M., but after paying the $130 cab fare, he didn't have enough money left to pay the rebooking fee to change his flight. He would have to wait until Sunday to leave, so he walked to the baggage claim area and curled up on a bench.

Finally, Sam could get some rest.

WHEN SICKTANICK AND RAZAKEL failed to hear back from Emma's father, Sick picked up the phone and called the Farmville police himself. He told the officer who answered about the phone conversation he'd had with Sam's friend concerning the supposed murder and asked the police to send someone around to check out 505 First Avenue. The officer took down Sick's name and number and said he would call him with any news.

It was early evening when Sick heard back. The detective asked for physical descriptions of Melanie, Emma, and her mother. He also wanted to know if Sick had a picture of Sam. Sick directed the detective to Sam's MySpace page.

In the meantime Sick wanted to know what the fuck was going on.

The detective paused for a moment and then answered.

"What you heard is true."

Not long after, Melanie's mom called asking Sick if he had any news. He told her to hold on for a second, pressed the phone to his ample belly, and asked his brother, who was in the room with him, what he should say. Didn't she deserve to know what was going on? Sick's mother was murdered when he was a one-year-old and the killer was never caught, so he was well aware what it was like to lose a loved one in violent circumstances.

"I'm not touching this," his brother replied. "You're going to have to make the decision yourself."

Kathleen Wells must have heard the exchange, because she started cursing at Sick: "What do you fucking know about my daughter?"

"Ma'am, I'm sorry, but your daughter is gone."

The mother let out a wail that would haunt Sick for a long time.

A GROGGY SAM MCCROSKEY WAS ARRESTED at 11:30 Saturday morning after airport police recognized him from a wanted poster. After showing them his ID, he casually walked away with the officers. Sam offered no resistance.

"I don't know what I would have expected, but this wasn't it—he was just too calm," an airport spokesman told the media.

Later in the day, as Sam was being led away to jail, a reporter asked him why he had committed the crimes.

Sam smirked. He was ready for his moment in the spotlight and had planned out the perfect rock star comeback.

"Jesus told me to do it."

As news of the shocking slayings spread, the rumor mill started to spin out of control. Horrorcore message boards were full of outlandish theories about what really went down that night: Sam had chopped up the bodies into little pieces, but not before he had sex with the corpses. Another rumor said Sam had photographed the bodies with his cell phone camera and sent the pictures to friends.

Some questioned the plausibility of the crime. After all, Sam wasn't a big guy—how did he manage to kill four people? One blogger claimed Sam was part of a satanic cult controlled by SickTanicK. A rival of Sick's named Drama, who runs the horrorcore label Underground Nation (which recently released an EP of Sam's music), claimed that cops had discovered Sick's bloody footprint at the crime scene. Drama alleged—without offering even a shred of evidence—that Razakel had caught Sick in a threesome with Emma and Melanie and then ordered Sick to have Sam kill the girls as revenge.

"If I was involved, I would have been arrested by now," SickTanicK counters. "The mother and the two girls were definitely asleep when Sam attacked them. I know Sam, and I know he wouldn't have been able to look them in the eyes."

"Those girls were tough," says Razakel. "Melanie didn't fuck around. She would hit a guy if she had to. You saw Sam on television, and he didn't even have a scratch on him."

After the murders SickTanicK received so many death threats ("You influenced that poor kid to kill the family. I'm gonna fucking kill you.") that he had to change his phone number.

INSANE CLOWN POSSE
Detroit duo Shaggy 2 Dope and Violent J, a.k.a. ICP. The face-painted "wicked clowns" have amassed a horrorcore empire, raking in up to $10 million a year.

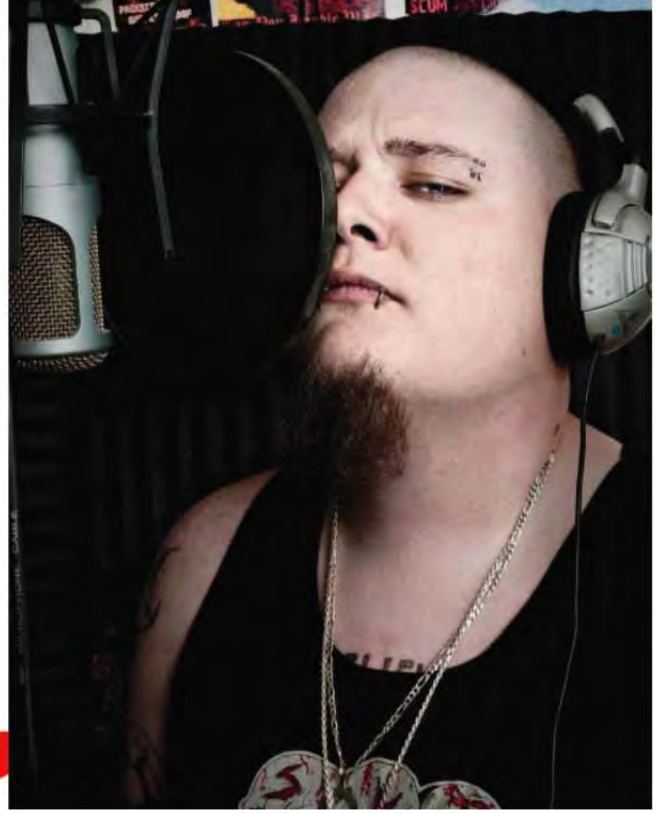
JUGGALO
Originating from the ICP song "The Juggla," the term refers to fans of ICP and other groups on Psychopathic Records, prone to wearing face paint and drinking Faygo, a Midwest soda loved by ICP.

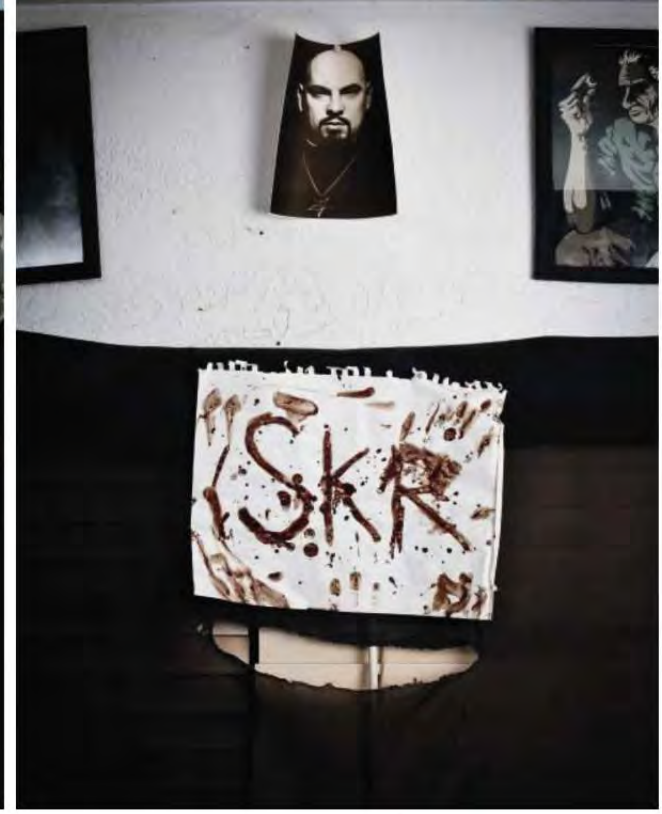
GRAVEDIGGAZ
Horrorcore "supergroup" based in New York in the mid-'90s, featuring Prince Paul (the Undertaker), Frukwan (the Gatekeeper), Poetic (the Grym Reaper), and the RZA (the Rzarector).

"DRASTIC MEASURES"
One of a number of mix-tape dis tracks by Eminem in his long-running feud with Insane Clown Posse: "ICP are overrated and hated!" rapped Slim Shady.

THE GATHERING OF THE JUGGALOS
Psychopathic Records' annual festival, featuring performances by the label's entire roster. Spanning four days, the event also includes wrestling and seminars.

TWIZTID
Successful horrorcore duo, Jamie Madrox and Monoxide Child, signed to Psychopathic Records.





AT THE SERIAL KILLIN RECORDS STUDIO OUTSIDE ALBUQUERQUE, NM, SICKTANICK THA SOULESS STRUGGLES TO UNDERSTAND WHAT LED SYKO SAM TO MURDER. RIGHT → THE LABEL'S INITIALS SCRAWLED IN VICTIM EMMA "RAG DOLL" NIEDERBROCK'S BLOOD. → PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAN WINTERS

NINE MONTHS AFTER THE MURDERS, Sam sits in the Piedmont Regional Jail outside of Farmville, reading his mail and waiting to hear if the prosecution will pursue the death penalty. Guards keep a close eye on him in case he tries to commit suicide. Mostly he receives hate mail, but a minor cult—a very minor cult—has developed around Sam and what he did. Sam killed a fucking preacher. It was the ultimate in keeping it real. He even gets marriage proposals on his MySpace fan page: "I'm in love with you. Marry me Sam."

One woman went so far as to offer herself up as a murder victim if Sam ever gets out: "jus make sure im asleep for it ;] be a necro too cuz if i cant have dat b4 i want it after! il still feel it. hahahaha."

But most horrorcore fans were shocked by the murders. Sam allegedly killed two of their own. And if the reports were to be believed, he did it in the most cowardly way imaginable.

"Those two girls were into the music," says Mars. "Only a very small minority—the real psycho kids—thought it was cool."

Even so, what Sam McCroskey is accused of doing has raised the profile of horrorcore like never before.

Meanwhile, in a brown suburban ranch house on the outskirts of Albuquerque, SickTanicK and Razakel are lounging on their couch watching a video of themselves performing in concert. Bibles are ripped up onstage. Audience members are kicked in the teeth. And Sick and Raz—the Sonny and Cher of the horrorcore scene—slap, punch, shake, and spit at each other to the strains of one of their most popular ditties, "All Your Lies."

Then a fan video sent to the label a year ago unexpectedly pops up. It's Emma, still alive and vivacious, shockingly real on the big-screen TV, a fringe of pink hair hiding half of her face.

"Y'all's music has definitely helped me through some shit," she says in a silky Southern drawl before giving a shout-out to Sick, whom she calls "a motherfucking teddy bear."

Then Emma holds up a piece of drawing paper with SKR written on it in her own blood.

"That's my blood. I bled for y'all," she says.

Raz breaks down in tears.

SickTanicK tries to comfort her by gently patting her on the shoulder, before saying, "Sam is a fucking bitch for doing that to those girls. He's a coward. If he really did it, I hope he rots in hell." ●

Additional reporting by Lera Gavin

"MIRACLES"
ICP viral video sensation, featuring the duo rapping against the backdrop of "the sun and the moon and even Mars, the Milky Way of fucking shooting stars" and other "miracles."

BIG MONEY HUSTLAS
ICP's 2000 comedic homage to '70s exploitation films, starring Shaggy 2 Dope and Violent J. The follow-up, *Big Money Rustlas*, is set in the Wild West. Costarring Vanilla Ice, Dustin Diamond, and Ron Jeremy, it's out on DVD this August.

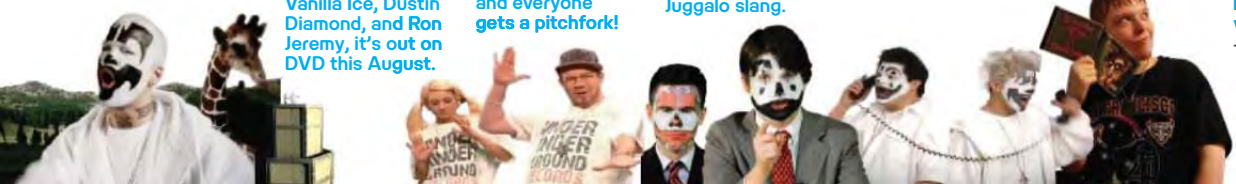
KICKSPIT UNDERGROUND ROCK FESTIVAL
SNL commercial parody of a horrorcore festival, with acts like Mrs. Potato Dick and Rat Balls, that's sure to make your ears bleed. Also, no Port-a-Johns, and everyone **gets a pitchfork!**

JUGGALO NEWS
CollegeHumor sketch imagining the only news source specifically for fans of ICP, featuring face-painted anchor Krazee Thug Nutz, who discusses current events, fully incorporating Juggalo slang.

THRILLA KILLA KLOWNZ
SNL parody of "Miracles" video, aptly titled "Magical Mysteries," where the rap duo urges you to "get your magnifying glasses out, ninjas, and take a closer look at life!"

SERIAL KILLIN RECORDS
Horrorcore label owned by SickTanicK Tha Soulless and based in Albuquerque. Syko Sam worked for the label, designing its Web site.

"STEEL-EYED DEATH"
Law & Order episode based on Syko Sam. Horrorcore fans weren't pleased. Twiztid took to Twitter to write: "Very very tacky NBC...we BOOOOO you and your half hearted half assed 1sided views."
—STEPHANIE RADVAN



SUMMER ESSENTIALS

HEAT SNEAKERS

GET THE GIRLS ALL HOT AND BOTHERED WITH THE SEASON'S SICKEST SHOES. YOU READY TO KICK IT?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NICK FERRARI

NIKE DUNK HI, $82, nikesportswear.com
CREATIVE RECREATION CESARIO XVI, $70, zappos.com
ADIDAS GREENSTAR, $75, adidas.com
DVS MILAN CTC CADENCE, $65, dvsshoes.com
HEYDAY JK DROP TOP, $120, heydayfootwear.com
PAUL SMITH TAHOE SNEAKER, $395, paulsmith.co.uk

COLOR ME RAD

Summer steez is forever stuck in neutral: khaki shorts, tan suits, white shirts. Rev it up with eye-catching color from these lace-up style sparks.

× SPERRY TOP-SIDER STRIPER, $55, nordstrom.com
× CONVERSE BY JOHN VARVATOS ALL STAR SPECIALTY HI, $110, select saks fifth avenue stores nationwide
ADIDAS MEN'S ORIGINAL NET 80, × $60, adidas.com
× PF FLYERS NUMBER 5, $100, pfflyers.com
× REEBOK BB6600, $70, reebok.com
× CONVERSE CHUCK TAYLOR ALL STAR CUP SOLE HI, $70, converse.com

× CHECK OUT STYLE EDITOR WILLIAM BUCKLEY'S BLOG AT MAXIM.COM/STYLE

× NEW CLASSICS

Why do we love sneaks? Because already-sweet classics get overhauled and upgraded every year. Say hello to the season's illest re-imaged old-schools.

SUMMER ESSENTIALS

EYE DANDY

THE BETTER TO SEE YOU WITH, MY BIKINI-CLAD PRETTIES.

RIM SHADY

This summer's most awesome sun tamers are a mix of classic aviators and '80s Wayfarers. Yup, it's the *Top Gun/Risky Business* mash-up you've been dreaming of since ninth grade!

1 G&D DD8067, $170, sunglasshut.com **2** Persol PO 2962, $310, sunglasshut.com **3** Oakley Frogskins Collectors Editions, $120, oakley.com **4** Gucci GG1628/S, $265, gucci.com **5** Mosley Tribes Hagen Aviators, $200, barneys.com **6** Carrera Vintage Endurance, $130, solsticestores.com **7** Jil Sander JS626S $300, marchon.com **8** Ray-Ban CATS 5000, $130, sunglasshut.com

BRING THE TRUNK

conceal your shrinkage in style!

WET 'N' WILD

Trunks should be loud, not ill-fitting. The rules: Short guys: 5- to 7-inch trunks; average guys: 7- to 9-inch board shorts; tall guys and rotundos: 10- to 12-inch board shorts.

LONG

1 Ed Hardy Vintage Tiger, $78, edhardyshop.com
2 Osklen Printed Board Shorts, $227, osklen.com
3 True Religion All-Over Buddha, $98, internationaljock.com

REGULAR

1 Vilebrequin Les Basiques Meridien, $200, vilebrequin.com
2 Moschino Hawaiian Print Board Shorts, $230, moschino.com
3 Victorinox Quick Dry Board Shorts, $95, saksfifthavenue.com

SHORT

1 Parke & Ronen Board Shorts, $95, parkeandronen.com
2 Zara Man Colorful Striped Swimsuit, $30, zara.com
3 Caulfield Preparatory Board Shorts, $141, revolveclothing.com

GREAT TIPS!

SUMMER ESSENTIALS

WELCOME TO YOUR SUNBURN SURVIVAL GUIDE. PREPARE TO GET CREAMED.

TIP

SPF BS-O-METER

SPF, which measures basic burn protection, is important, but we're calling bullshit on the SPF rating system. SPF 15 blocks 93 percent of UVB rays; SPF 30 blocks 97 percent; and SPF 50 blocks 98 percent. Bottom line: Anything north of 15 is virtually the same.

PRODUCT

FACE MASK

Harmful sun isn't just at the beach. It's everywhere. (Even in winter!) This explains why the majority of melanomas are found on the face. Solution: daily cream with SPF. Don't worry, you'll still get color, just not cancer! We like Kiehl's Ultra Facial Moisturizer SPF 15. $30, saksfifthavenue.com

TIP

STIFF THE SUN

Banish burns by putting long, hard things in your mouth! Turns out beta carotene, found in carrots, carries extra armor against sun scorching. Don't forget to dip the tip in ranch dressing!

PRODUCT

THE DREAM CREAM

When you're clocking serious time on the beach or golf course, be sure your screen packs Mexoryl. It blocks UVA rays—UVB's cancer-causing cousin—and most big-name brands don't have it. We use La Roche-Posay Anthelios SPF 15 cream. $30, available at CVS and Rite Aid

TIP

FIRE HORSE

When you do get fried, stay hydrated, pop Ibuprofen, and scarf a steak—the protein helps speed healing. Then wash it down with horsetail tea. This herb elixir (it's a type of grass, not equine booty string) contains silica, which aids tissue repair. **$6, localharvest.org**

PRODUCT

COLD RUSH

Those fluorescent "aloe" gels only have trace amounts of the stuff. For instant relief, nothing compares to Jack Black's Cool Moisture Body Lotion. It's packed with soy, jojoba, and vitamins that will reverse the searing. $22, nordstrom.com
—MIKE DAWSON

MAKEUP: ANGELA DI CARLO; PROP STYLING: KAREN EVANS

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMIE CHUNG

The Official Watch of Rock and Roll

Rock around the clock tonight with the exclusive Stauer 6-String Watch for under $100!

As a kid, I stood hypnotized in front of the guitar shop window. I stared at the Gibsons, Fenders, Rickenbackers and Les Pauls, lined up like lacquered mahogany and maple trophies. With their smooth curves, each one could produce hot licks, reverb and a wailing solo. The six string guitar is the heart of rock and roll. I'm proud to say that today I feel the same way about the new Stauer ***6-String*** timepiece.

We wanted to give our favorite vintage electric guitars their due with an impressive timepiece that captures the excitement of the golden years of rock and roll. The Stauer ***6-String*** is a legendary timepiece with bold, head-turning design and attitude to spare. It's rebellious enough to feel like you're getting away with something.

Meet your new favorite rock star. My only advice to the designers was to make a watch that looks exactly like rock and roll sounds. Big, bold and loud enough to wake the neighbors. It should evoke images of Bill Haley, Buddy Holly, The King and The Boss strumming crowds into a frenzy. But it should also reverberate with the spirit of the world's greatest rock guitar gods like Jimi, Eric and Keith (who was featured on the cover of the *Rolling Stone* magazine wearing a Stauer watch). As you can see, the final product is worthy of a standing ovation.

It's only rock and roll, but we like it. One look at the Stauer ***6-String*** voluptuous stainless steel body will bring you right back to the glory days of 45 and 33 rpm records. The eye-catching shape of the case recalls the round-bottomed bodies of the greatest vintage electric guitars.

The unique, ivory face features blue Roman numerals on the left of the dial and bold Arabic numbers on the right. Blued, Breguet-style hands keep time while additional complications mark the day, date and month. A date window sits at the 3 o'clock position. Inside, the 27-ruby-jewel movement utilizes an automatic self-winding mechanism that never needs batteries. The watch secures with a genuine black leather band and is water-resistant to 3 ATMs.

Guaranteed to rock your world. If you aren't fully impressed by the performance and stage presence of the Stauer ***6-String*** within 30 days, simply return the watch for a full refund of the purchase price. The unique design of the ***6-String*** limits our production to only 4,995 pieces, so don't hesitate to order! Sorry, no Wah Wah pedal included!

WATCH SPECS:
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WHAT DO MARRIED PEOPLE DO WHEN THEY WANT TO PLAY THE FIELD? THEY HEAD TO ASHLEYMADISON.COM.

WE SAT DOWN WITH THE KING OF INFIDELITY, ASHLEY MADISON CEO NOEL BIDERMAN, TO FIND OUT WHY HE IS THE MOST LOVED MAN ON THE INTERNET (OR HATED DEPENDING ON WHO YOU ASK).

Q: AshleyMadison.com has been around since 2002 (although it feels like it has become a bit of a phenomenon as of late), have you noticed any changes in the types of people signing up to the service?

A: The "phenomenon" effect is related to the fact that we did not begin marketing AshleyMadison.com until 2007, and so seeing our TV commercials and hearing our radio spots has literally stopped people in their tracks.

As for the change in the makeup of our member base – that has been dramatic – and is being driven by more and more women signing up to the service; in particular "honeymooners" which we define as women married 2 years or less.

Q: So you don't just have lonely housewives using your services, or mistresses, but you also have young married women? Wow, what brings them to AshleyMadison.com?

A: I think this generation in general, and these women in particular, have a very low tolerance for emotional and physical disappointment, and so whether that is reaching out to a past lover/boyfriend on a social networking site or a future lover on Ashley Madison, these women are going to pursue sex and intimacy outside of their primary relationship if it makes them happy.

Q: And on the male side – is it all about the married father with a seven year itch?

A: No, absolutely not…that community exists of course but we have hundreds of thousands of single men who are in high demand by neglected housewives. These women want to reclaim their youth and desirability and there is no better way to do that than with a young lover.

And as for those "seven year itch" married men – it looks like they have more of a "four" year itch that needs to be scratched…we are proud of the fact that we are able to bring these guys a diverse group of women to connect with: desperate housewives, young attractive mistresses and even these newlywed women.

"…DESPERATE HOUSEWIVES, YOUNG ATTRACTIVE MISTRESSES AND EVEN THESE NEWLYWED WOMEN."

Q: So why do men (and women) pursue these affairs? Why not just leave?

A: Well leaving does not always make sense. You may have a home together, economic reasons, children, etc. So what the vast majority of AshleyMadison.com users are doing is having their cake and eating it too…they are pursuing no strings attached sex while mitigating the risk of getting caught… and you know what, from the thousands of emails I receive a year, they are much happier as a result of it!

Q: So how and when do all these steamy affairs happen?

A: Funny that you used the word steamy because for women the most popular time to pursue an affair is in the summer, probably because for so many women that is the time when their kids are away at camp, and so they are afforded an amount of free time they usually do not have.

Q: You make it sound like infidelity is all about opportunity and that just about everybody is doing it?

A: It IS about opportunity – the more success and wealth you acquire, the more likely it is you will stray (for both men and women). Female infidelity rates have steadily risen as more women entered the workplace and achieved more independence. With the advent of the web, and specifically services like ours, some researchers have speculated that women are cheating as much as men but are just not getting caught as often.

Travel also leads to infidelity. We have all heard about the "50 mile rule" (where if you have an affair 50 or more miles outside of your home it does not count), or think about the incredibly successful campaign that the city of Las Vegas ran for the last decade…I guess I would have to say that "what happens on Ashley Madison stays on Ashley Madison!"

Q: So if our readers are having trouble with sex and intimacy in their relationship should they seek counseling?

A: No, they should seek an affair… they will find it a lot more rewarding…!

Join the revolution at AshleyMadison.com

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MARC BAPTISTE

MAXIM (ISSN 1092-9789) Volume 14, Number 7 is published monthly by Dennis Publishing Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 22nd Floor, New York, NY 10018, Tel. 212-302-2626. • Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: Maxim, P.O. Box 420234, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0234. One-year subscription rates: for U.S., $24.97; for Canada, $34.97; for all other countries, $54.97 in prepaid U.S. funds. Canadian GST Registration #140467846, Publications Agreement number 40031590. Return Undeliverable Canadian Addresses to P.O. Box 503, RPO West Beaver Creek, Richmond Hill, ON L4B 4R6. We sometimes make our subscriber list available to companies that sell goods and services by mail that we believe would interest our readers. If you would rather not receive such mailings, please send us a note with your current mailing label or address to: Maxim Customer Service, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235.

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For a Healthier, Stronger Climax and Overall Sexual Experience

The Scoop: vol. 39 Learning "the Ropes"

This month I received a letter from a regular contributor of mine. She tells of her "little secret" that has changed her love life and led to life-changing, mind-blowing sex with her partner.

Dear Charli,

I have read your pieces and I had to contribute! Last month my husband returned from a business trip and he was hotter and hornier than I have ever seen him. He had more desire and more energy, sexually, than he had ever had before. I mean ever! It was unbelievable. I slept for 12 hours.

During the sex, his orgasm seemed more intense than ever before, and, because his newfound vigor and passion excited me too, we both enjoyed it so much that we continued having sex another two times. He is 42! That isn't supposed to happen.

We have tried things in the past to spice up our love life and the results were "just alright." I knew that he had tried something and he was just trying to surprise me so I asked him what it was that made him, as he proudly put it, the king of the bedroom.

He explained that his partner had pulled out a bottle and gave it to him on the last night of their trip. The bottle is a natural supplement that the nutritionist told him would give him the most intense climax (not how he put it) he had ever had. My husband started taking the supplement every day and ***we continue to have amazing, mind-blowing sex.*** *He said it is a prostate supplement called ZedRex and that it helps with a lot of things (my favorite; incredible sex). Oddly enough, he also isn't waking up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom. I didn't know the prostate was responsible for so much.*

Charli, have you heard of ZedRex, because I think your readers need to know about it!?! It has changed our sex life and when you're having amazing sex, everything else just seems to fall into place, relationship-wise.

Sincerely,
Michelle in Austin, TX

Michelle,

It just so happens that I have heard of it. A previous partner of mine had it and we too, had great sex. Unfortunately, our entire relationship was based on our incredible sex and there wasn't much substance otherwise. That was quite a two month run we had in the bedroom, though! Most women that have commented on this product have said that just one tablet each day gives their partner the "roping" effect that you described.

The place to get ZedRex is MyZedRex.com or call 888-4ZEDREX. I did a little research and ZedRex is an all-natural supplement and the **enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as "ropes"** because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, it just keeps "coming and coming," bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous-climax. From my experience with my previous lover I know that every woman out there should talk to her partner about experiencing sex with ZedRex.

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Charli

Charli is a freelance editor and writer in the categories of fitness, sex, and romance.

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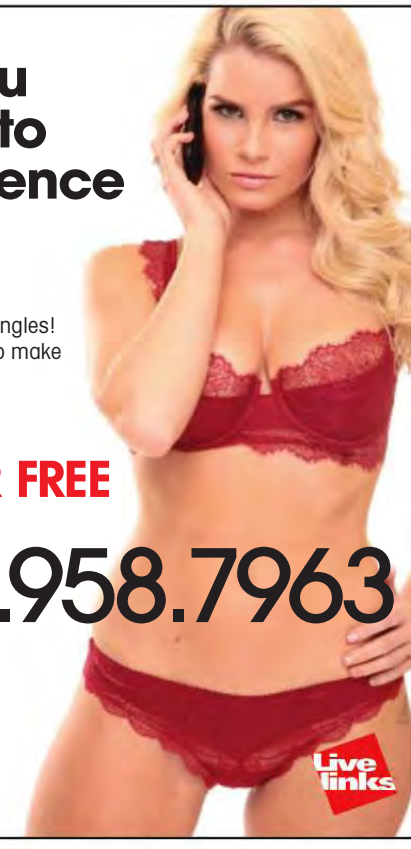

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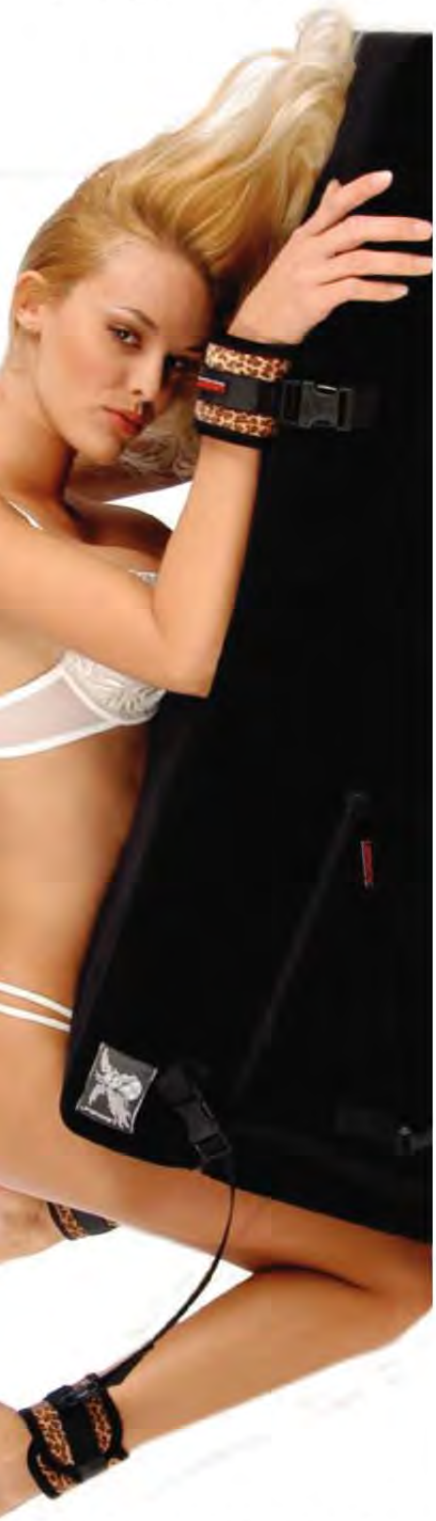

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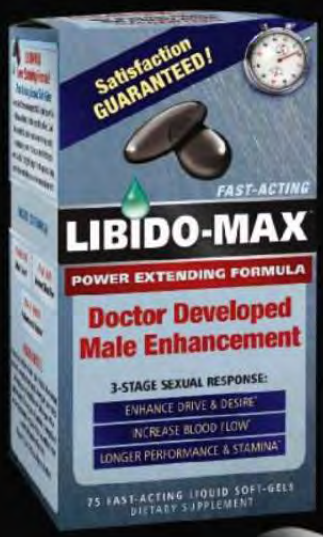

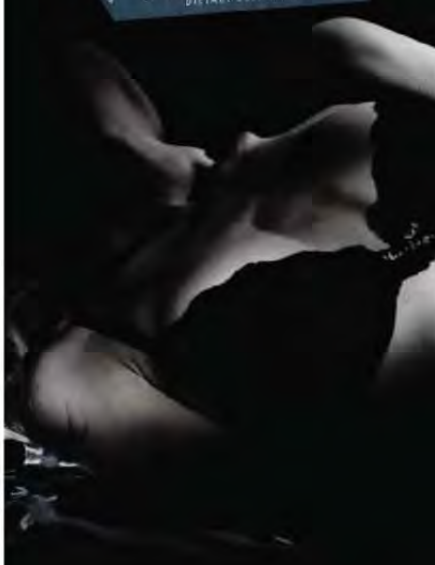

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TOPHER GRACE

THE FORMER *THAT '70S SHOW* STONER AND CURRENT *PREDATORS* ASS-KICKER MUSES ON HIS LAST DAY.

So how do you want to go?
Quickly.

Will you be going to heaven or hell?
I'm terrible with directions, so I'll probably just end up at Chipotle, which most people don't know is situated directly between the two. It's like the afterlife's Barstow.

Your *Predators* character committed a heinous crime. What's the biggest legal trouble you've been in?
I was in Washington State this one time and I got in a little argument with the sheriff. Teasle was his name, I think. Yeah, Teasle. He insulted me, and I have a serious temper sometimes. I swear to you, I made it my mission to take on Teasle and the whole town's police force using only the savage survival skills I learned in Vietnam. What's that? Oh, you're right. That's the plot of *Rambo*.

Since it's a sequel to the original *Predator*, do you worry Arnold Schwarzenegger may hunt you down if he doesn't like it?
I'm sure he will. He's still pissed that I got the role in *Win a Date With Tad Hamilton!* over him.

If you could come back and spy on one of your *That '70s Show* cast mates, who would it be and why?
What do you mean "if"? I'm spying on that redheaded chick as we speak.

What dead person would you most like to sit around the basement table with, *That '70s Show* style?
George Washington. Get him tripping balls and then tell him all about America in the year 2010. That dude would be losing his shit.

What book do you most regret not finishing?
Mommy, Daddy, Where Do Babies Come From? I really regret that one.

What is your proudest accomplishment?
My first kiss. I was so nervous. It was at the movies, and I leaned over and kissed 16-year-old Jessica Dunkleman. I even remember the name of the movie: *Avatar*.

You've gotten to romance a lot of leading ladies on-screen…Kate Bosworth, Scarlett Johansson, Laura Prepon. Which actress gave you a kiss that will linger in your memory beyond the grave?
I'd be stupid to choose one publicly, so I'll just say Annie Hathaway; her boyfriend is a good friend of mine, and it will piss him off. P.S. Julia Stiles is no slouch, either.

What are people saying over your casket?
Tobey Maguire's dead?

Got any last words?
Journalists of the future: Please do not quote any of this in my obituary. (Especially the part about George Washington tripping balls.)

Predators hits theaters July 9.

ILLUSTRATION BY TIM MARRS

WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS TO BE SELF-EVIDENT—THAT THESE WOMEN ARE UNEQUALED IN HOTNESS! HAPPY FOURTH OF JULY, EVERYBODY!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIE CHILDERS

RED WHITE & BIKINI!

SPECIAL EDITORIAL SECTION
16 PAGES OF BLISS!

Victoria's Secret top.
Anika bottom.
(previous page)
Indah bikini.

Olanna

It's the Fourth of July! What are you eating?
I like burgers, but if it's on a grill, I'm eating a steak for sure.

Where was your worst sunburn?
On my butt! I was lying out in Puerto Rico, and I fell asleep on the beach. When I woke up, my butt was so red I couldn't sit.

Quiz time! Sexiest Founding Father?
Thomas Jefferson. He's just a badass.

Our Badass Founding Fathers ★ SURE THEY WORE WIGS AND KNICKERS, BUT THESE DUDES LIKED TO FIGHT AND PARTY.

George Washington
A noted hemp farmer. The wooden teeth were clutch during bouts with the munchies.

The Second Continental Congress
Members consumed several thousand gallons of rum while deciding to declare independence from England.

John Adams
Drank a pitcher of hard cider before breakfast every day. Ye Olde Starbucks, anyone?

Benjamin Franklin
A member of the Hellfire Club, which enjoyed drunken orgies. "Who wants to tie a kite to my dick?" he most assuredly didn't say.

Thomas Jefferson
When he left office in 1809, ol' TJ had crushing debts, not helped by his $10,000 wine bill. Ease off the Riunite on ice, homey.

Alexander Hamilton
The first treasury secretary penned a 37-page pamphlet detailing his extramarital bonings of a woman named Maria Reynolds.

Aaron Burr
Shot and killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel over an insult. Dude, a well-placed bitch-slap would have sufficed.

James Madison
Sick of paying hefty ransoms for captured sailors, he sent warships to the north coast of Africa and told the pirates to cut the shit. They did.

(from left) **Anna Kosturova** top, **Indah** bottom; **Indah** bottom, **Guria** top. (opposite) **Indah** bikini

Nicole Marie

Little umbrellas in your drink: yay or nay?
Nay. Totally cheesy. Don't do umbrellas unless you're at Benihana.

Sparklers or cherry bombs?
Definitely sparklers! Because sparklers are...sparkly?

Quiz time! Who sewed the first American flag?
What? That is a ridiculous question.

Anna Kosturova top,
Indah bottom.
(opposite) **Zoe** bikini.

Kimberly

Beer koozie: yes or no?
I'll leave that up to the men. But it is kind of weird to have a guy use one. But, you know, if you're around friends and no one is looking? Beer koozie it is.

Favorite BBQ drink?
I know it's the most boring answer I could possibly give—water. It's quenching, and I want all my taste buds to work on the amazing meats and sauces.

Quiz time! Who wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner"?
Oh, boy...Benjamin Franklin?

Indah bikini.
(opposite page)
Indah bikini.

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LET'S THINK ABOUT WAXING THAT NEXT SUMMER.

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QUIT STARING AT MY BREASTS— EVERY WOMAN HERE.

YOUR LEFT BALL IS PEEKING OUT OF YOUR JEAN SHORTS.

THAT CREEPY GUY NEXT TO YOU IS LYING ON HIS STOMACH FOR A REASON.

(from left) **Liberty of London** bikini; **Zoe** bikini. (opposite page) **Indah** bottom, **Guria** top.

Born/Died on the Fourth of July ★ SOME ENTERED LIFE LIKE A FIRECRACKER; OTHERS WENT OUT LIKE A BANG POP.

BORN

Geraldo Rivera
Upon passing through the birth canal, launched an investigative series on the working conditions in his mother's womb.

George Steinbrenner
Just because he's old and sick doesn't mean you have to stop hating him.

Koko the Sign Language Gorilla
Don't get her a banana for her birthday, unless you want to see the sign for "Fuck off, asshole."

Malia Obama
One of the few Obamas in the White House with a birth certificate.

DIED

Bob Ross
Painting a happy little accident in the clouds.

Barry White
The reason cherubs are so damn horny these days.

Thomas Jefferson and John Adams
Died on the exact same day. Coincidence? Someone call CSI: Colonial Williamsburg!

Jade

What was your worst summer job?
I had a summer job in Dubai where I had to wear winter clothes. Big coats, fur...It was horrible. I thought I was dying.

Which are you a fan of, sparklers or cherry bombs?
Sparklers...like when you come out with champagne? Yeah, they're cool if you have to celebrate something like your birthday.

Quiz time! Who's the hottest president: John F. Kennedy, George Washington, or John Adams?
How about Obama?

Indah bikini

XXXXX XXXX XXXX

Beach Bunny swimsuit. (opposite) Zoe swimsuit, Kristen Elspeth anklet.

MAY THE FOURTH BE WITH YOU!

WANT TO HOST THE ULTIMATE BACKYARD PARTY? FOOD, BOOZE, TOYS, AND GADGETS ARE ALL YOU NEED. AND SOME FRIENDS. MAYBE START SHOWERING MORE REGULARLY?

[DRINK THIS!]

STAR-SPANGLED SIX-PACK

STICK THESE ALL-AMERICAN BREWS IN YOUR COOLER AND GOOD THINGS WILL HAPPEN THAT YOU MAY NOT REMEMBER.

★

Mac-Tarnahan's: Summer Grifter IPA

The boldest of the bunch. Boasts heavy-duty hop action yet goes down easier than your mom did last night! Aw, shit!

★

Deschutes Brewery: Twilight Ale

This new amber ale from Deschutes is big on flavor, small on bitterness. If only our ex-girlfriend would follow its lead.

★

Budweiser 16-ounce Tallboys: Lager

This crisp lager (and awesome oversize can) remains the cornerstone of our summer bed spins. Plus, it's red, white, and blue, folks!

★

Sierra Nevada: Summerfest

Heightened hops, caramel notes, and gulp-friendly. Sierra's best seasonal brew in our tongue's opinion.

★

Narragansett: Lager

The beer of choice for Rhode Island roughnecks and Southies, this New England–born lager has serious bite, and probably a gun. Be cool, man.

★

Leinenkugel's: Sunset Wheat

A Chippewa Falls–made wheat beer that stays sweet and fruity without getting all orangy.

One-Up the Margarita

No fiesta would be complete without a drunken nod to our Mexican pals. Skip the margarita and beat the heat with a La Paloma, a more refreshing and easier-to-make liver puncher. Olé!

Ingredients:

2–3 oz. tequila
6 oz. Jarritos grapefruit soda (get it in the Goya aisle!)
Salt
Lime

Instructions:

1. Smash a wedge or two of lime into a tall Collins glass.
1.5. If you don't have a Collins glass, get engaged and register for a set at Williams-Sonoma.
2. Add a pinch of salt.
3. Pack with ice.
4. Pour in a shot or so of tequila.
5. Top with soda.
6. Stir.
7. Adios, sobriety!

[COOK THIS!]

CHURRASCO WITH MANGO AND CORN SALSA

WILO BENET, OWNER-CHEF AT VARITA IN PUERTO RICO, GETS YOUR BBQ GUESTS DRUNK ON YUMMINESS.

1. Take four premium quality skirt steaks and rub with equal parts cumin, onion powder, garlic powder, and salt. Leave in fridge overnight.

2. Place the following items in a stainless-steel bowl and blend well with a rubber spatula, then refrigerate.

1 small red onion, chopped
1 red bell pepper, chopped
2 large mangoes, diced
3 Tbs. chopped cilantro
2 cups fresh corn kernels (blanched in salt water and chilled)
1/2 cup rice vinegar
1 1/2 cups mango puree
4 Tbs. olive oil
2 large tomatoes (peeled, seeded, and chopped small)
Splash of Tabasco

3. Get your grill blazing hot and slap your steaks on, turning over once they get a good sear.

4. Let them rest for a few minutes. Chop the steak by hand and place it in a toasted onion bun with a little mayonnaise and the chilled salsa.

5. Burp.

[PLAY WITH THIS!]

HOT-ASS GEAR

BUY THIS COOL SHIT OR CONSIDER YOUR SUMMER RUINED.

1. Let them stand next to your fire.
When dusk hits, a small, contained flare-up in **Weber's Outdoor Fireplace** will provide a festive focal point for the babes at your party. It may also prevent your bros from setting your teak chaise longue ablaze. **$160, weber.com**

2. Celebrate your right to bear water arms.
Defend your party from insurgents with **Super Soaker's Soaker Wars Rattler**, a quick-loading, air-powered blaster that can fire 38 ounces of H_20 up to 25 feet. When the water runs out, refill with stale beer. **$15, hasbro.com**

3. Feel the noise, everywhere.
The **Grace Digital Audio Eco Extreme** is a sand- and waterproof three-watt AA-powered speaker case. Plug your MP3 player inside (along with your wallet and keys), clip it to your swimsuit, and you've got a soundtrack for your cannonballs. **$50, gracedigitalaudio.com**

Explosions: The Good Kind! ★ THE BEST FIREWORKS DISPLAYS FOR YOUR EYEBALLS' PLEASURE AND YOUR EARDRUMS' PAIN.

Fireworks on the National Mall, Washington, D.C.
'Splosions light up the sky over the Washington Monument. You'll weep red, white, and blue tears of pride.

Macy's Fourth of July Fireworks, N.Y.C.
More than 40,000 pyrotechnic shells will be fired over midtown Manhattan during a 26-minute bang-off. Try not to cower.

Boston Pops Fireworks Spectacular, Boston
The booms are just part of this musical extravaganza. Neil Diamond rocked it last year!

Lights on the Lake, Tahoe
Book a spot on *The Tahoe Queen* or MS *Dixie II* paddlewheelers to impress a lady and mock watchers stuck on the shore.

Welcome America, Philadelphia
A week of activities (including Hoagie Day with a special screening of *Rocky*) culminates with a concert and fireworks.

Go 4th on the River, New Orleans
Get the best seat for the Dueling Barges Fireworks Extravaganza by sitting anywhere along the Jazz Walk of Fame.

Freedom Over Texas, Houston
Houston boasts the largest land-based fireworks show in the nation. Also? A Bud Zone Beer Garden.

STYLING, GENA TUSO/ART MIX BEAUTY; HAIR, SEAN JAMES/RUSK; MAKEUP, ROXIE USING MAC/ART MIX BEAUTY; PROP STYLING, NANCI BENNETT/ART MIX BEAUTY

When you remove the outer wrapper,

there's something surprising underneath.

Find us at facebook.com/orbitgum

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